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For the Saturday Evening Post.

TO INIS.

Yes, Inis, yes, one tear shall flow,
One human heave a sigh;
One heart shall share thy inward woe,
Shall still to me replain thy

Those cull not those the lonely one,
Shade after eyes will weep,
For the warm friends that wind us here,
Save but in shrunken sleep.

Inis, Pve seen the dark, dark tomb,
Close my young heart's joy,
And felt that that had sealed up doom,
She could no more destroy.

But that heaven-sent link me claim,
A kindred love with those;
Inis, the power was still the same,
That orphan'd me and rose.

To sfer, long o'er, those softening hand,
Her lighted up the gloom;
Our pious to life, in memory's land,
The dweller of the tomb.

Even from my earliest childhood's years,
Grief has been mine to know;
My cradle sense always seemed to learn,
My slumbers cast in woe.

For upon the flame, around whose heart,
My every wish would twine,
Flame whose 'twere worse than death to part,
Dew, at another's shrine.

Now, there is not one joy or bliss,
My system pain to cheer,
Save, dearest Inis, only this,
To share thy lonely bier.

C. H. W.

For the Saturday Evening Post.

THE LOVER'S QUADRIL.

AN EXTRACT FROM MY JOURNAL.

By L. H. M.

"Alas! how slight a cause may move
Dissension between hearts that love;
Hearts that the world in vain has tried,
And vainly not more closely tied."

* * * * *

"A mournful light as on a look,
A word unkind or roughly taken;
Oh! love that tempests never shook,
A breath—a touch like this has shaken."—Moore.

"What shall I do with myself this evening?" thought I, as I walked away from the restaurateur where I had been dining. "Trescatis is closed, Madame de B. is at Versailles, and Col. Junot is dining at Maurice's. What on earth shall I do with myself?"

While wrapt in this unpleasant reverie, I sauntered through the Palais Royal, crost La Place Louis Quinze and was suddenly accosted by a fine-legged garçon, who yelled out—

"Voulez vous une bille de l'Opera Italienne—ou a bill of the Opera—Semiramide is played to-night."

"Why not?" responded I, "I may as well pass the evening there as elsewhere; so give me a bill, mon petit bon homme."

I was soon established there, listening, or seeming to listen to the dulcet strains of Sontag, that princess of sweet sounds; but, (and do not faint with horror, ladies fair,) I must own I am sometimes such a barbarian as to yawn during an interminable solo or thrice sung cavatina, to amuse myself with studying the contour of beauty which golden the house. And, in very truth, I would give all the falsetto quaverings that ever were warbled, to watch a lovely face as the sweet emotions of sensibility steal across it, to mark the rising blush, the fluttering bosom, the soft languid, drooping glance—or in a gayer damsel to notice the flirting fan, the unclasped bracelet, the bright smile and merry glance—in a word, the hundred thousand devices by which a Parisian belle enchains her admirer's attention.

I looked on many a jewelled brow,
On many a glancing eye,
On many a cheek o'er which the glow
Of smiles went wandering by.
And there was one who in that crowd
Shone like a thing divine—
The face was fair, the heart was vowed
Before her beauty's shrine.
And o'er the diamond powed its glow
Upon her brow of jet
And well upon her spotless brow
Set the proud coronet.
But on a being all life and light,
As bright she seemed as there,
And none might think that grief could blight
A thing so very fair.

I looked in wonder and doubt, I felt that startling uncertainty with which a man beholds a far of face brought close to him by a camera obscura: but while I should have well represented Cassio, when with wondering gaze he stood considered, a gentleman near me said,

"You are looking at Madame La Montelle, sir; you have reason to be proud of your countrywoman."

"Is the English, sir?" asked I, suddenly.

"Mais oui vrai," answered he, with an air of surprise. "Parbleu! how could that foggy, cut-throat country produce such charms?"

The last words were muttered very low, but I was too much occupied to feel nettled even had they been said aloud. "Did you ever hear her English name, sir?"

"Sa, I have: but, ma foi, your names go through my head like water in a colander. It was Villandry, or Villoffby, or some such diable devise."

"Willoughby! then it is herself!"

Another moment, and I was by the side of Mary Willoughby, holding her hand in mine, and trying to convince myself that the blazing, beautiful being before me was one and the same with the modest, blushing creature I had once christened the Primrose of the Parsonage. Yes, it was indeed so; and my old friend's village violet was now transplanted to the hot beds of haute-ton and fashion: the country curate's simple child was become Madame la Comtesse la Montelle, the brightest star of beauty in the Parisian heaven.

"Mary—Mary Willoughby," I repeated in heedless amazement, "can this indeed be you—is this possible?"

"Le vrai n'est pas toujours le vraisemblable," was the laughing reply.

"But when were you married? and what has become of——"

"Ah! nous avons change tout cela," interrupted she, with a sudden start.

"It is too true; but how are you reconciled to the change, Mary?"

"Quand on n'a pas ce que l'on aime, il faut aimer ce que l'on a, mon bon ami."

"Mary, are you happy?"

"Bon Dieu, what a question! these brilliants on my wrist are worth a queen's dower, and my hair is better furnished than the Duchess de Berri's."

"Mary, *are* you happy?"

"Ne me pousse pas a bout," she answered haughtily, though her cheek and even her brow was crimson, "every one has something—mais que nous sommes betes, ecoutez le chanson."

I sighed, and listened in silence to her gay repartee, her quick bon mots, her lively jeux d'esprit, throughout the night. It was plain to me that she was acting a part. I thought of the simple village maiden, wandering in innocence on the banks of Derwentwater; and sighed again for the mournful change which had "come o'er the spirit of her dream." I attended her home with many others; but she dismissed all but myself at the porte cochere, saying gaily, as she entered—

"Monsieur le Montelle n'est pas chez lui; but I dare introduce so old a friend as you without fear of making him jealous. Entrez donc.

"On heaven and on your lady call,
And enter the enchanted hall."

"Alas, Mary, this magnificence does indeed look like enchantment; but you—the Circe of it—are you as happy as in olden times I knew you?"

Her boudoir was an assemblage of all that art and taste could form of elegance; but she seemed little to enjoy its magnificence, for she fretfully exclaimed—

"What a blaze of light! how hideously base tapers glare—de grace, Cecile extinguish all but the alabaster lamps; and here take out these frightful jewels from my hair—they make alike my head and heart ache. Vite, vite! comme vous etes gauche!" continued she, passionately dashing away the fleche chambre, and wresting the aigrette from her head with a violence which scattered her beautiful tresses over her shoulders, "begone, I have no need of you."

The girl obeyed; and Mary, after casting one earnest look around, uttered a short sentence, and threw herself on the ottoman in a passion of tears. I, who had remained mute from mingled astonishment and sorrow, now hastened to raise her. I implored her to be calm, and to relate to me the circumstances which had separated her from her country and the one whom I believed she loved so well, during my absence on the Pacific station.

"I would not weep if I could help it," she said, "for he deserves no tears from me—from me whom he has forsaken and forgotten."

"Is it possible that George Wildair could be so base?"

"Oh, blame him not," she said, hastily, "though we are parted for ever, I love him still."

"But what parted you?"

"I can hardly tell you: it was a trifle—the passing shadow of a moment—a thing too slight to find a record—a word too hastily spoken—a fancy falsely taken by me, more falsely repeated to him."

"And could this sever affections as firmly woven as yours?" asked I doubtingly.

"Oh, no—no! at least not mine: but he too warmly resented a fault caused by my ardent affection for him; and I, wounded at what I secretly knew to be injustice, worked up by misrepresentation and over excited by feeling, in a moment of frenzy I renounced him, and made a solemn vow to see him no more!—Oh! would to God that hour had been my last."

"Proceed."

"There remains little to tell," she continued, in a tone of the deepest woe. "He saw me depart in silence, nor ever from that hour made an effort to recal an affection which once he appeared to prize above life. Every hour, every day, I expected a letter, and fondly cherished the idea of beholding once more his well known writing; but every day's sun set on my disappointment; and mortified, wretched, and dependant, I consented to receive the Marquis le Montelle as a suitor."

"How could you be thus precipitate? he perhaps wished to write, but feared to offend by so doing."

"You speak thus," she answered, with a faint smile, "who never knew what love is; if he judged me by his own heart, he would have known with what rapture I should have received it; but ah! that heart had become cold and indifferent to me."

"Good God! what a wreck of happiness is here!"

"Happiness!" she exclaimed, starting wildly up. "I have known not the sound of that word since I left P——. If you could but know—if you might but conceive in what an agony of alternate hope and dread I passed the interval before my marriage—how, even on the hated day itself, I glanced around in the wild desire yet to see, to be saved by him! But no, no—he forsook and forgot me: I shame to weep for one so heartless."

"But may he not have had reason: might he not be prevented writing."

"No—no—no!—I tell you, he was free to write; but he knew his silence struck daggers to my breast, and he triumphed in his revenge."

"For God's sake, be composed."

"Not now—this hour is mine to mourn in agony over the hopes that have perished—to-morrow I shall be again the false wretch you have seen me, shrouding the anguish of despair beneath the hopeless mask of hypocrisy, blazing in wealth, fashion, and seeming gaiety, while my heart is as cold as the sepulchral marble—like those lights which attract the passing eye by their brilliancy, but proceed from rottenness and corruption."

"I beseech you, moderate this passion, and strive to be more contented with the lot which you have chosen."

I *am* calm: but contented—yes, I will be content when the death shroud enfolds me, when the foot of the stranger treads the sods o'er my head; the poison is in a jewelled cup, but it is poison still: the thorns blaze in the flames, but they do not lose their poignancy. Oh! would that I could here lay down and die!"

She flung herself violently on the floor and wept with unrestrained passion, nor would listen to my words of consolation, poor as they were. She put away my arms, when I would have raised her, exclaiming—

"Leave me—leave me! it does me good to weep. I tell you, my heart is bound as with an iron chain, and it is seldom that tears will flow. But you will return to England—you will see him: tell him you saw me honored and happy, beloved and blessed in my estate; not for a thousand worlds would I give him the satisfaction of knowing how strong was the love which he slighted—how truly his own was the heart over which he trampled."

After many vain endeavors to quiet the excited passions of my unhappy friend, I left her, thinking that solitude would probably prove more availing than my attempts. I left her and returned home, mournfully musing on the effects of ill regulated passion and unfounded jealousy, and sorrowfully contrasting in my mind the state of humble, happy innocence and content, in which I had left her, with the splendid misery, the delusive glittering ruin, to which, through her own uncontrolled passions, she had become reduced.

I saw her for a few moments some days after, and she had resumed her sunny smile; on her laughing repartee the surrounding crowd were hanging in admiration and pleasure; none in that splendid circle were a bright, so gay, so envied as she. She saw me and a cloud gathered darkly on her brow; the smile re mained chiselled on her lips, but it fled from her eye. I saw that she avoided me, and I felt that to her my presence must be like the prophetic writing on the wall, telling of anguish and ruin amid the brightest scene of mirth.

Ladies—dear ladies—I am an old bachelor; but I have a very sincere affect on for your whole sex, and I extract from my journal this melancholy account as a warning to you all, how you allow the passion of a moment to ruin your whole happiness in life, and conclude with advising each and all very religiously to avoid a *Lover's quarrel.*

To write is indeed no unpleasing employment, where one sentiment readily produces another, and both ideas and expressions present themselves at the first summons; but such happiness the greatest genius does not always obtain; and common writers know it only to such a degree as to credit its possibility. Composition is for the most part an effort of slow diligence and steady perseverance, to which the mind is dragged by necessity or resolution, and *from* which the attention is every moment starting to more delightful amusements.

I find by experience, that the mind and the body are more than married, for they are most intimately united: and when one suffers, the other sympathizes.—*Chesterfield.*

A TREATISE

On the Origin, Progression, Improvement, and Present State of the Manufacture of Porcelain and Glass. Published by Carey & Lea.

The volume before us, forms the sixteenth number of Dr. Lardner's valuable Cabinet Cyclopædia, and, as its title sufficiently indicates, professes to exhibit the original employment of clay, and the materials of which glass was composed, in the earlier ages of mankind; the various improvements which have taken place in the manufacture of these substances; the countries in which this branch of industry was most fostered and encouraged, together with important and interesting details as to the present state and future prospects of those engaged in the manufacture of porcelain and glass.

In the design and execution of the work, the author has displayed considerable judgment and skill, and has so disposed of his valuable materials, as to render the book attractive and instructive to the general class of readers. Important information in regard to the utensils and machinery employed in the manufacture of porcelain and glass, is embodied in the work; the whole illustrated by numerous wood-cuts.

The cheap and portable form in which the Cyclopædia is published, the various subjects treated of in the work, and the plain and intelligible manner in which they are discussed, must give to it a degree of circulation and popularity, unequalled, except in the popular novels of the day.

Not the least entertaining of the volumes which have been published, is the one before us, and we are sure, that to those who are fond of tracing the development of the ingenuity of man, in his progressive movements from ignorance and barbarism, to knowledge and civilization, the work will prove both instructive and pleasing.

We present our readers with the following extract from the chapter on the nature and properties of glass, and the history of its manufacture.

"Many circumstances contribute to render glass one of the most curious and interesting of manufactured substances.

Although perfectly transparent itself, not one of the materials of which it is made partakes of that quality. Exceedingly brittle while cold, it becomes, by the application of heat, so remarkably flexible and tenacious as to be convertable into every form that fancy may dictate or convenience suggest. Its great ductility is shown in a very striking manner by the slender filaments—small as the fibres of spider's web—into which it is spun for ornamental purposes. Many hundred feet of these filaments may be drawn out from a heated mass in the space of one minute. Its pliancy and elasticity are proved by the facility with which, when in the state just mentioned, it may be bent and retained in various forms, and by the energy wherewith its original shape is resumed at the moment of release from its constrained position.

The impermeability of glass to water, even under a considerable degree of pressure, is well ascertained. A few years ago, the Reverend Mr. Campbell, while on a voyage to Southern Africa, among other philosophical experiments wherewith he amused himself, caused two globular glass bottles, hermetically sealed, to be lowered by means of leaden weights to the depth of 1200 feet beneath the surface of the sea. These, through the united and continuous exertions of ten men during fifteen minutes, were again drawn up, and were found to be perfectly empty.

The continued exposure of glass to the greatest heat whereby it is melted, does not produce any sensible diminution in its weight and quantity, or any alterations of its properties. It is capable of receiving colors, and of retaining them in all their lustre for an indefinite period. The strongest acids—with one exception that will be noticed—have no effect upon it; a circumstance that renders glass additionally useful in assisting the researches of chemists. It is capable of receiving the most perfect polish, preserves all its beauty, and does not lose the smallest portion of its substance by the longest and most frequent use.

The admirable qualities and important uses of glass have been so happily pointed out by one of the most celebrated writers of the last century, that no apology will be needed for the insertion of the passage.

"Who, when he saw the first sand or ashes by a casual intenseness of heat melted into a metalline form, rugged with excrescences, and clouded with impurities, would have imagined that in this shapeless lump lay concealed so many conveniences of life as would in time constitute a great part of the happiness of the world? Yet by some such fortuitous liquefaction was mankind taught to procure a body at once in a high degree solid and transparent, which might admit the light of the sun, and exclude the violence of the wind; which might extend the sight of the philosopher to new ranges of existence, and charm him at one time with the unbounded extent of the material creation, and at another with the endless subordination of animal life; and what is yet of more importance, might supply the decays of nature, and succor old age with subsidiary sight. Thus was the first artificer in glass employed, though without his own knowledge or expectation. He was facilitating and prolonging the enjoyment of light, enlarging the avenues of science, and conferring the highest and most lasting pleasures; he was enabling the student to contemplate nature, and the beauty to behold herself."*

The utility of a substance which is daily and hourly rendered serviceable by all classes of persons in almost every human habitation cannot need to be exemplified. The aids which it offers to scientific researches are almost equally apparent. To notice the particular arrangements whereby the chemist, the naturalist, or the astronomer avails himself of some of the valuable properties of glass in pursuing his investigations, would lead to descriptions which, although interesting in a high degree, are foreign to the object of this treatise, wherein little more than incidental notices can be given, on points that have relation to improvements in the manufacture.

It may be useful, however, to notice here an error, not unfrequently made, from observing glass to be the only transparent material used in making spectacles, opera glasses, and other optical instruments. Persons are induced, from this circumstance, to ascribe to the peculiar quality of glass the exclusive power of modifying the apparent magnitude, brightness, and distinctness, of objects seen through it. This, however, is not an exclusive property of glass, but belongs to every transparent substance having a density different from that of the air which surrounds the observer. It depends also, not alone on the inherent qualities and density of the transparent substance through which the objects are viewed, but also on the form of the surfaces which bound that substance, and on various other circumstances not necessary to be noticed more particularly here. The reader will, therefore, recollect, that the optical properties of glass are common to the diamond and other transparent solids, to all transparent liquids, and even to gases. Glass is commonly used on account of its cheapness and durability, and for other reasons of convenience.

It is impossible, however, wholly to dismiss this subject unaccompanied by expressions of admiration at the genius of those master spirits, who, by their discoveries and inventions, have rendered glass subservient to purposes that open and enlarge the field of human knowledge in some of those branches of natural philosophy which tend most to refine the nature and exalt the character of man.

Familiarized as we are to the use and appearance of glass, yet no person can ever become indifferent to its advantages, or insensible to its beauty. Neither can we feel astonishment at the admiration which induced the ancients, while the art of making it was little practised, and in those countries where it was not yet established, so greatly to covet the possession of glass vessels as to purchase them at prices which to us appear exorbitant. We are told that the emperor Nero gave for two cups with handles 6000 sesterii, a sum nearly equal to 50,000*l.* of our money. These vessels were not of any extraordinary size, but were thus highly valued on account of their perfect transparence, and resemblance to crystal.

The name whereby this material is known to us is generally said to be derived from the Latin, and to have been suggested by its great similarity to ice (*glacies.*) It has been remarked, however, that the common Latin designation is *vitrum*; and as the Romans gave this name also to the plant which we call *woad*, and which our remote ancestors called *glastum*, it is imagined that glass obtained the same distinctive appellation, because of the bluish tint which it usually exhibited. There is as little probable foundation for one as for the other conjecture, nor is the question of much importance, since, which ever way it might be determined, no light would be thereby thrown upon any point of interest concerning the origin of the manufacture, which, though involved in the most impenetrable mystery, is yet known to have existed long before its introduction among the Romans.

The passage in the book of Job (ch. xxxvii. v. 18,) wherein mention is supposed to be made of glass, has been adduced by Neri in proof of its remote origin. Unfortunately for the correctness of this opinion it has been found, that in many ancient versions, instead of the *glass* of the Vulgate and Septuagint, other substances which have diaphanous and shining properties are mentioned. In fact, the word in the original Hebrew has been frequently used, according to the fancy of translators, to signify different bodies possessing lustre and transparency.

The two problems of Aristotle—if, indeed, they were propounded by that philosopher—"Why do we see through glass?" and "Why is it not malleable?" comprise, perhaps, the earliest written mention made of the substance. Theophrastus, whose writings are not a half century later than the time of Aristotle, mentions the use of sand from the river Belus in making glass; and from that date (300 years B. C.) a knowledge of the material was pretty generally diffused. If reliance is to be placed upon the statement, that the celebrated sphere of Archimedes was made of glass, the art must in his time (209 years B. C.) have arrived at a considerable degree of perfection.

Many authorities concur in assigning the merit of the invention to the Phœnicians; and the assertion of Pliny is often repeated, which attributes the discovery to accident. Some storm-driven mariners were boiling their food on the sands at the mouth of the river Belus—a small stream running from the foot of Mount Carmel in Galilee—where the herb kali was growing abundantly, and are said to have perceived that the sand, when incorporated with the ashes of this plant, melted and ran into a vitreous substance. It is certain that the sand about this spot, was well adapted to the manufacture of glass, and probably the glass-houses of Tyre and Sidon were supplied thence with this material, which may have given rise to the tradition.

That the ancient Egyptians were well acquainted with the method of making glass cannot be doubted. The beads wherewith some mummies are adorned, although composed of earthenware, have an external covering of glaze, which is true glass covered with a metallic oxide; and recent searchers have discovered among the tombs at Thebes some pieces of glass of a blue color, similar in their composition to the glazing on the beads just mentioned.

The glass-houses of Alexandria were long famed for the skill and ingenuity displayed by their workmen. The Romans were, at one time, supplied with a great part of their glass ware from that city. A coarse and impure manufacture of drinking vessels had been prosecuted at Rome from the time of Nero; but the art could have made but slow progress notwithstanding the encouragement offered by the high prices at which glass wares of foreign make were sold in the imperial city. The emperor Hadrian, while at Alexandria, received from a priest some glass cups of various colors, which had been used in the worship of the temple and transmitted them to Rome as objects of [illegible] curiosity, with an injunction that they should be used on festivals and other great occasions.

Utensils of glass have been found among the ruins of Herculaneum, which city was destroyed in the reign of the emperor Titus, by the same eruption of Mount Vesuvius which cost the elder Pliny his life. It does not appear that glass was used for admitting light to dwellings in Herculaneum, the largest houses having windows made with a species of transparent talc.

In the British Museum are four large cinerary urns made of green glass, which have been pronounced by a very competent authority favorable specimens of the proficiency of the ancients in the art of glass-blowing. These are round vases of an elegant form, furnished with covers and two double handles. The formation of these handles is, it is said, 'such as must convince any person capable of appreciating the difficulties which even the modern glass-maker would have to surmount in their execution, that the ancients were well acquainted with certain branches of the manufacture.'*

Several ancient authors (*Dion Cassius, Petronius Arbiter*, and *Isodorus,*) relate, that in the reign of Tiberius, an architect, who had been banished from Rome on account of his great popularity, having, in his retirement, discovered the means of so far altering the nature of glass as to render it malleable, ventured to return to Rome, in the hope of securing both a remission of his sentence and a reward for his invention. This discovery not agreeing, however, with the supposed interests of the tyrant, who feared lest the value of gold might be lowered by its means, the architect was beheaded, and his secret died with him. This is, probably, only another version of the story related by Pliny, of the same important discovery having been made by an artist in Rome, when such of the populace as imagined that their interests would be injuriously affected thereby, conspired together and destroyed his dwelling.

A similar discovery, attended by results as unsatisfactory, and which is said to have occurred in France in the more modern times of Louis XIII., is recorded by Blancourt. He says that the inventor having presented a bust formed of malleable glass to the cardinal Richelieu, was rewarded for his ingenuity by perpetual imprisonment, lest the "vested rights" of French glass manufacturers might be injured by the discovery.

Without venturing altogether to deny the truth of these stories, it would be hard to subject to the charge of presumption those persons who entertain doubts upon the matter. It does not, certainly, prove the incorrectness of the statements, that no subsequent examiner into the arcana of nature has been equally fortunate; and it is assuredly *possible* that some successful investigator may yet be the means of revealing that which has already been ascribed to more than one experimenter.

Improbable as the achievement of this wou l seem, it would be scarcely more extraordinary than the transformation of linen rags into sugar, or the conversion of saw-dust into "wholesome, palatable, and nutritious food." The purposes both of use and ornament to which glass would in such a case be applied are almost endless, and their importance can hardly be overrated; nor should we in these days have occasion to fear, lest the insensate obstructions of some modern Tiberius or Richelieu, should step between the discoverer and the promulgation of his secret.

According to our present amount of knowledge, the chance of realizing such a discovery is, however, limited within the barest possibility. The quality of malleability is in direct contradiction to that of vitrification; the existence of the one state seems to be incompatible with that of the other. Some metallic substances when greatly urged by fire are made to approach towards the state of glass, and then lose their malleability; a fact which almost implies the impossibility of imparting the latter property to glass. Kunkel has indeed observed, that it is possible to produce a composition having an external glassy appearance, which should be pliant and capable of being wrought under the hammer; and Neumann tells us, that in the fusion of muriate of silver a ductile kind of glass is formed, which may be moulded or turned into different figures, and which may be pronounced in some measure malleable; facts to which Henckel has referred in order to account for the traditionary stories of the ancients.

The Latin writers of the Augustan age make frequent mention of glass. Virgil compares it to the clearness of water in the Fucine Lake, (Æn. vii. 759;) and Horace speaks of the lustre and transparency of glass in a way which shows that it could then be made with a considerable degree of perfection. In the year 220 a tax was laid by Alexander Severus upon the glass manufacturers of Rome, who at this time existed in such numbers, that a principal quarter was assigned to them in that city, wherein they might carry on their processes. This tax was still levied in the reign of Aurelian.

The most celebrated specimen of antique glass is the vase, which, during more than two centuries ornamented the Barberina palace, and which, having been subsequently purchased by the late Duchess of Portland, is better known in this country as the Portland vase. This much admired production was found about the middle of the sixteenth century, inclosed in a marble sarcophagus, and deposited in the tomb of Alexander Severus, who died in the year 235. The body of this vase, which for a long time was erroneously supposed to be formed of porcelain, is made of deep blue glass, and is ornamented with white opaque figures in has-relief, which are designed and sculptured in the style of cameos with a degree of skill which is truly admirable.

Glass melted and cast into plates, is said by St. Jerome to have been used in his time (A. D. 422,) to form windows. About a century later, Paulus Silentiarius mentions the windows of the church of St. Sophia at Constantinople, which were covered with glass; and from this period frequent allusions to the similar use of glass are met with in various authors.

Long before the establishment of the manufacture within this island, glass was known and used in England. The Venetians who traded with this country in very remote times furnished this among other articles of commerce in exchange for tin. The erudite Pennant is of opinion, that glass-making in Britain dates prior to the Roman invasion. The Druids were accustomed to impose upon their more ignorant followers by means of clumsily-formed beads of colored glass, which they pretended were endued with the quality of guarding their possessors from evil.

The venerable Bede, who lived very near the time, and who therefore had good opportunities for ascertaining the fact, has asserted in his history of Weremouth, that in the year 674 the abbot Benedict sent for artists from beyond seas to glaze the windows of the church and monastery of Weremouth in Durham, and that these men were our first instructors in the art of making window glass. This art, however, took root but slowly among us; and it was not until the eleventh century that glass windows were at all commonly used, either in private dwellings or in public and religious edifices. Previously to this time, light was imperfectly admitted through linen cloths or wooden lattices. The houses of the commoner people were not, indeed, furnished with this luxury until the thirteenth and fourteenth centuries, in which respect our ancestors were greatly behind the inhabitants of Italy and France.

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* Rambler, No. 11.

* Memoir on Glass Incrustations, by A. Pollatt, Esq.

ELIJAH'S INTERVIEW.

BY THOMAS CAMPBELL.

God not in the *Whirlwind*—nor in the *Thunder*—nor in the *Flame*, but in the *still small voice.*

On Horeb's rock the prophet stood—
The Lord before him past;
A hurricane in angry mood
Swept by him strong and fast;
The forest fell before its force,
The rocks were shivered in its course,
God was not in the blast.

'Twas not the whirlwind of his breath,
Announcing darkness, wreck and death
It ceased. The air grew mute—a cloud
Came, mulling up the sun,
When, through the mountain, deep and loud
An earthquake thundered on;
The frighted eagle sprang in air,
The wolf ran howling from his lair—
God was not in the storm.

'Twas but the rolling of his car,
The trampling of his steeds from far.

'Twas still again—and nature stood
And calmed her ruffled frame;
When swift from Heaven a fiery flood
To earth devouring came.
Down to depth the ocean fled,—
The sickening sun looked wan and dead;
Yet God filled not the flame,
'Twas but the terror of His eye
That lightened through the troubled sky.

At last a voice, all still and small,
Rose sweetly on the ear:
Yet rose so shrill and clear, that all
In heaven and earth might hear;
It spoke of peace, it spoke of love,
It spoke as angels speak above;
And God himself was there,
For oh! it was a *father's* voice,
That lade the trembling heart rejoice.

BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCH OF SAMUEL ADAMS.

Among those who signed the declaration of independence, and were conspicuous in the revolution, there existed, of course, a great diversity of intellectual endowments; nor did all render to their country, in those perilous days, the same important services. Like the luminaries of heaven, each contributed his portion of influence; but, like them, they differed, as star differeth from star in glory. But in the constellation of great men, which adorned that era, few shone with more brilliancy, or exercised a more powerful influence than *Samuel Adams.*

This gentleman was born at Quincy, in Massachusetts, September 22d, 1722, in the neighborhood afterwards rendered memorable as the birth place of Hancock, and as the residence of the distinguished family which has given two presidents to the United States. His descent was from a respectable family, which emigrated to America with the first settlers of the land.

In the year 1736, he became a member of Harvard University, where he was distinguished for an uncommon attention to all his collegiate exercises, and for his classical and scientific attainments. On taking the degree of master, in 1743, he proposed the following question, "Whether it be lawful to resist the supreme magistrate, if the commonwealth cannot be otherwise preserved?" He maintained the affirmative; and in his collegiate exercise furnished no dubious evidence of his attachment to the libertics of the people.

On leaving the university, he began the study of law, for which profession his father designed him; but at the solicitation of his mother, this pursuit was relinquished, and he became a clerk in the counting house of Thomas Cushing, at that time a distinguished merchant. But his genius was not adapted to mercantile pursuits; and in a short time after commencing business for himself, partly owing to the failure in business of a friend, and partly to injudicious management, he lost the entire capital which had been given him by his father.

The genius of Adams was naturally bent on politics. It was with him an all engrossing subject. From his earliest youth, he had felt its inspiration. It occupied his thoughts, enlivened his conversation, and employed his pen. In respect to his private business, this was an unfortunate trait of character; but most fortunate for his country, since he thus acquired an extensive knowledge of those principles of rational liberty, which he afterwards asserted with so much energy, in opposition to the arbitrary conduct of the British government.

In 1763 it was announced, that the British ministry had it in view to "tax the colonies, for the purpose of raising a revenue, which was to be placed at the disposal of the crown." This news filled the colonies with alarm. In Massachusetts, a committee was appointed by the people of Boston to express the public sentiment in relation to this contemplated measure, for the guidance of the representatives to the general court. The instructions of this committee were drawn by Mr. Adams. They formed, in truth, a powerful remonstrance against the injustice of the contemplated system of taxation; they merit the more particular notice, as they were the first recorded public document, which denied the right of taxation to the British parliament.—They also contained the first suggestion of the propriety of that mutual understanding and correspondence among the colonies, which laid the foundation of their future confederacy. In these instructions, after alluding to the evils which had resulted from the acts of the British parliament, relating to trade, Mr. Adams observes:—"If our trade may be taxed, why not our lands? Why not the produce of our lands, and every thing we possess, or use? This we conceive annihilates our charter rights to govern and tax ourselves. It strikes at our British privileges, which, as we have never forfeited, we hold in common with our fellow subjects, who are natives of Britain. If taxes are laid upon us in any shape, without having a legal representation, where they are laid, we are reduced from the character of free subjects, to the state of tributary slaves. We, therefore, earnestly recommend it to you, to use your utmost endeavours to obtain from the general court, all necessary advice and instruction to our agent, at this most critical juncture." "We also desire you to use endeavours, that other colonies, having the same interest and rights with us, may add their weight to that of this province; that by united application of all who are agrieved, all may obtain redress?"

The deep interest which Mr. Adams felt and manifested for the rights of the colonies, soon brought him into favour with the patriotic party. He became a leader in their popular assemblies, and was bold in denouncing the unjust acts of the British ministry.

In 1765 he was elected a representative to the general court of Massachusetts, from the town of Boston. From this period, during the whole revolutionary struggle, he was the bold, persevering, and efficient supporter of the rights of his oppressed country. As a member of the court, he soon became conspicuous, and was honored with the office of clerk to that body. In the legislature, he was characterized for the same activity and boldness which he had manifested in the town. He was appointed upon almost every committee, assisted in drawing nearly every report, and exercised a large share of influence, in almost every meeting, which had for its object the counteraction of the unjust plans of the administration.

But it was not in his legislative capacity alone, that Mr. Adams exhibited his hostility to the British government, and his regard for rational freedom. Several able essays on these subjects were published by him; and he was the author of several plans for opposing, more successfully, the unjust designs of the mother country. He has the honour of having suggested the first congress at New York, which prepared the way for a Continental Congress, ten years after; and at length for the union and confederacy of the colonies.

The injudicious management of his private affairs, already alluded to, rendered Mr. Adams poor. When this was known in England, the partisans of the ministry proposed to bribe him, by the gift of some lucrative office. A suggestion of this kind was accordingly made to Governor Hutchinson, to which he replied in a manner highly complimentary to the *integrity* of Mr. Adams. "Such is the *obstinacy* and *inflexible disposition* of the man, that he never can be conciliated by any office or gift whatever." The offer, however, it is reported, was actually made to Mr. Adams, but neither the allurements of fortune or power could for a moment tempt him to abandon the cause of truth, or to hazard the liberties of the people.

He was indeed poor; but he could be tempted neither by British gold, nor by the honours or profits of any office within the gift of the royal governor. Such patriotism has not been common in the world; but in America it was to be found in many a bosom, during the revolutionary struggle. The knowledge of facts like this, greatly diminishes the wonders, which has sometimes been expressed, that America should have successfully contended with Great Britain. Her physical strength was comparatively weak; but the moral courage of her statesmen, and her soldiers, was to her instead of numbers, of wealth, and fortifications.

Allusion has been made, frequently, to the Boston massacre, in 1770, an event which will long remain memorable in the annals of the revolution, not only as it was the first instance of bloodshed between the British and the Americans, but as it conduced to increase the irritation, and to widen the breach between the two countries.

Our limits forbid a more particular account of this tragical affair; and it is again alluded to only for the purpose of bringing more distinctly into view, the intrepid and decisive conduct of Samuel Adams on that occasion.

On the morning following this night of bloodshed, a meeting of the citizens of Boston was called. Mingled emotions of horror and indignation pervaded the assembly. Samuel Adams first arose to address the listening multitude.—Few men could harangue a popular assembly with greater energy, or exercise a more absolute control over their passions and affections.—On that occasion, a Demosthenes, or a Chatham, could scarcely have addressed the assembled multitude with a more impressive eloquence, or have represented in a more just and emphatic manner, the fearful crisis to which the affairs of the colonies were fast tending. A committee was unanimously chosen to wait upon Governor Hutchinson, with a request that the troops might be immediately removed from the town. To the request of this committee, the governor, with his usual prevarication, replied, that the troops were not subject to his order. Mr. Adams, who was one of this committee, strongly represented to the governor the danger of retaining the troops longer in the capital. His indignation was aroused, and in a tone of lofty independence, he declared, that the removal of the troops would alone satisfy his insulted and indignant townsmen; it was, therefore, at the governor's peril, that they were continued in the town, and that he alone must be answerable for the fatal consequences, which it required no gift of prophecy to predict must ensue.

It was now dark. The meeting of the citizens was still undissolved. The greatest anxiety pervaded the assembly, and scarcely were they restrained from going in a body to the governor, to learn his determination. Aware of the critical posture of affairs, aware of the personal hazard which he encountered by refusing a compliance, the governor at length gave his consent to the removal of the troops, and stipulated that the necessary preparations should commence on the following morning. Thus, through the decisive and spirited conduct of Samuel Adams, and a few other kindred spirits, the obstinacy of a royal governor was subdued, and further hostilities were for a still longer time suspended.

The popularity and influence of Mr. Adams were rapidly increasing, and the importance of his being detached from the popular party became every day more manifest. We have already noticed the suggestion to governor Hutchinson to effect this, by the gift of some lucrative office. Other offers of a similar kind, it is reported, were made to him, at different times, by the royal authorities, but with the same ill success. About the year 1773, Governor Gage renewed the experiment. At that time Colonel Fenton was requested to wait upon Mr. Adams, with the assurance of Governor Gage, that any benefits would be conferred upon him which he should demand, on the condition of his ceasing to oppose the measures of the royal government.—At the same time, it was not obscurely hinted, that such a measure was necessary, on personal considerations. He had incurred the royal displeasure, and already, such had been his conduct, that it was in the power of the governor to send him to England for trial, on a charge of treason. It was suggested that a change in his political conduct, might save him from this disgrace, and even from a severer fate; and might elevate him, moreover, from his circumstances of indigence, to the enjoyment of affluence.

To this proposal, Mr. Adams listened with attention; but as Colonel Fenton concluded his communication, with all the spirit of a man of honour, with all the integrity of the most incorrupted and incorruptible patriotism, he replied; "Go tell Governor Gage, that my peace has long since been made with the King of kings, and that it is the advice of Samuel Adams to him, no longer to *insult the feelings of an already exasperated people.*"

The independence and sterling integrity of Mr. Adams, might well have secured to him the respect, and even confidence of Governor Gage; but with far different feelings did he regard the noble conduct of this high minded patriot. Under the irritation excited by the failure of a favourite plan, Governor Gage issued a proclamation, which comprehended the following language: "I do hereby," he said, "in his majesty's name, offer and promise his most gracious pardon to all persons, who shall forthwith lay down their arms, and return to the duties of peaceable subjects: excepting only from the benefits of such pardon, SAMUEL ADAMS, and JOHN HANCOCK, whose offences are of too flagitious a nature to admit of any other consideration but that of condign punishment."

Thus these independent men were singled out as the objects of peculiar vengeance, and even their lives endangered, for honourably resisting a temptation, to which, had they yielded, they would have merited the reproach of their countrymen, and the scorn of the world.

Mr. Adams was a member of the first continental congress, which assembled in Philadelphia on the 5th of September, 1774; and continued a member of that body until the year 1781. During this period, no delegate acted a more conspicuous or manly part. No one exhibited a more indefatigable zeal, or a firmer tone of character. He early saw that the contest would probably not be decided without bloodshed. He was himself prepared for every extremity, and was willing that such measures should be adopted, as should lead to an early issue of the controversy. He was accordingly among the warmest advocates for the declaration of American Independence. In his view, the die was cast, and a further friendly connexion with

by science. He early approached the table of the Lord Jesus, and the purity of his life witnessed the sincerity of his profession. On the christian sabbath, he constantly went to the temple, and the morning and evening devotions in his family proved, that his religion attended him in his seasons of retirement from the world. The last production of his pen was in favour of Christian truth. He died in the faith of the gospel."

In his opposition to British tyranny, no man was more conscientious; he detested royalty, and despised the ostentation and contemptible servility of the royal agents; his patriotism was of a pure and lofty character. For his country he laboured both by night and by day, with a zeal which was scarcely interrupted, and with an energy that knew no fatigue. Although enthusiastic, he was still prudent. He would persuade, petition, and remonstrate, where these would accomplish his object; but when these failed, he was ready to resist even unto blood, and would sooner have sacrificed his life than yielded with dishonour. "Had he lived in any country or epoch," says his biographer, "when abuses of power were to be resisted, he would have been one of the reformers. He would have suffered excommunication, rather than have bowed to papal infallibility, or paid tribute to St. Peter; he would have gone to the stake, rather than submit to the prelatic ordinances of Laud; he would have mounted the scaffold, sooner than pay a shilling of illegal ship-money; he would have fled to a desert, rather than endure the profligate tyranny of a Stuart; he was proscribed, and would sooner have been condemned as a traiter, than assent to as illegal a tax, if it had been only a sixpenny stamp or an insignificant duty on tea; and there appeared to be no species or corruption by which this inflexibility could have been destroyed."

In the delegation of political power, he may be said to have been too cautious, since our constitutions, as he would have modelled them, would not have had sufficient inherent force for their own preservation. One of his colleagues thus honourably described him: "Samuel Adams would have the state of Massachusetts govern the union; the town of Boston govern Massachusetts; and that he should govern the town of Boston, and then the whole would not be intentionally ill governed."

With some apparent austerity, there was nothing of the spirit of gloom or arrogance about him. In his demeanour, he combined mildness with firmness, and dignity with condescension. If sometimes an advocate for measures which might be thought too strong, it was, perhaps, because his comprehension extended beyond ordinary minds, and he had more energy to effect his purpose, than attaches to common men. In addition to these qualities, he manifested an uncommon indifference to pecuniary consideration; he was poor while he lived, and had not the death of an only son relieved his latter day poverty, Samuel Adams, notwithstanding his virtues, his patriotism, his unwearied zeal, and his acknowledged usefulness, while he lived, would have had to claim a burial at the hand of charity, or at the public expense.

FOREIGN VARIETIES.

HOW TO MAKE LOVE.

Look—do not speak a word at first,
Then look once more and *try* to speak!
And then speak out—if speak you must,
Hope's strength will fail and leave you weak.

Then stammer forth a cold farewell;
Return, and you'll grow warm again;
What courage had not tongue to tell
Before, you'll sigh for now,—what then?

You'll go, and leave a warm adieu—
A coldness in the lady's heart—
Your glove with her—and she with you,
A strange reluctance thus to part.

In case you should return once more,
Take courage, she'll return your glove,
And leave it with you *at the door*,
And you will leave her heart with *Love*.

THE ASTONISHED SHOEMAKER.—"Copp was a famous shoemaker; the same who, after a most attentive examination of a shoe, which one of his customers showed him, complaining that it split before she had worn it an hour, detected at length the cause of such a misfortune befalling a specimen of his workmanship: 'Ah,' said he, 'I see how it is—my lady has been walking.'"

A method has been employed near Aylesbury for blasting large rocks without gunpowder. The rock is undermined for about a yard in length, and half a yard in depth, and a small faggot of brushwood, furze, or a bundle of straw, is introduced into the cavity. As soon as it is set on fire the expansive force of the air, confined in the stone, bursts it into innumerable fragments.

ANOTHER WHALE CAUGHT AT STORNOWAY.—On the last memorable occasion, when Stornoway charged with all her chivalry against the whales, as recorded at the time, a premium was given to the two boats which had met the monsters of the deep in the offing, and drove them to the harbor, where there is a greater facility of capture than in any other place along the coasts. This induced others to be on the look-out, and on the Morning of Thursday last, a shoal was described by the people on shore to be in Branahi Bay, a few miles to the westward. Several boats put immediately to sea, and succeeded with difficulty in driving them to the mouth of Stornoway harbour. Many more boats joined the pursuit, and in a short time the floating squadron amounted to upwards of fifty; provided with the necessary weapons, and manned each with a dozen of bold, eager, resolute fellows, expert in the best mode of conducting the extraordinary warfare on which they were bent. Till the whales are chased to shoal water, they are easily driven forward. Accordingly, on the present occasion, when they found themselves advancing too near the shore, they made a bold but futile effort to regain the deep. The crescent formed by the boats met them in every turn, and they were forced to continue their progress towards the future scene of slaughter; frightened by the stones, darts, splashing of oars, and bellowing of their assailants. When near the quay, within which is the inner harbor, the monsters made an attempt, if any thing, still more furious than the former, to escape, and the greatest danger was apprehended, since they were of an unusual large and bold description. They renewed and added to the vigour of their efforts to wheel outwards, but in vain. They were obliged to yield, and on they were pushed, till they were at length cooped up in the inner harbor, where the grand final struggle took place. The rows of boats guarded the entrance, leaving about a score to engage in the *melee*, and to complete the capture. The scene was animating beyond description; the shores were lined with spectators, of every class, cheering, in the most enthusiastic manner, those who were most daring and resolute in the combat, and whose efforts were told by the bloody and troubled aspect of the water, and the frequent spouting, to an immense height, of the discoloured brine, by one or more of the active and wounded monsters: on some occasions, the boats were actually on the backs of the fish, and on others dragged with the greatest velocity through the harbour. Towards evening, the struggle became gradually faint, till it finally ceased in favour of the human combatants. The tide receded space, and stretched on the mud lay the leviathans, which, but a few hours before, had waged so fierce a warfare with their captors. The whales are of the bottle-nosed species, and are ninety-two in number, which is five less than on a former occasion; they are of an extraordinary size. They were, by order of the Board of Health, immediately appointed to be removed to a spot clear of the town. Accordingly, as soon as the tide flowed, the victorious boats, furnishing a fresh scene of animation, proceeded with them to Arnish, one of the promontories which environ the harbour. A committee of their own number and of respectable individuals in town were appointed by the captors to manage their interests, and the whales were to be sold, on Friday, by public roup, for behoof of all concerned. No accident occurred.—*Inverness Courier.*

THE DUKE OF REICHSTADT.

The London Sun thus remarks on the decease of this only son of Napoleon.

Young Napoleon, who died on the 22d ult. was born on the 20th March, 1811, and consequently, was in his 22d year at the time of his death. Shortly after his birth he was created by his father King of Rome. He was deified by the French, and regarded as the heir of the "Man of the Age," and the future Sovereign, not only of France and Italy, but nearly the whole of continental Europe. His father was then in the very zenith of his power, and naturally felt great joy at the birth of a son, to whom he might transmit his title and vast dominions, and who should perpetuate his family among the Sovereigns of Europe. But two years more, and his army, which constituted his chief power, was destroyed in Russia—two years more, he fought his battle at Waterloo—six years after, he died an exile and prisoner on the barren island of St. Helena: and now, after a lapse of 21 years, his only son, the delight of the French pride and who was to preserve his name, and carry still further the greatness of the French arms, dies of a lingering disease, bereft of all power, and almost unnoticed by the powerful nations who were to form his vast empire. His death, in the present state of European affairs, may be regarded as hardly of the least importance. His claims to the throne of the Bourbons could have been dangerous to that family only in case of their failing to govern according to the general will of the nation; and his death, if they govern otherwise, will not render them more secure. From all accounts, he appeared to have had none of the great qualities of his father, and has afforded only another instance of the freaks and sports of Nature, which so frequently humbles the great by giving them heirs hardly above mediocrity, and not unfrequently approaching to imbecility.

HOP, STEP, AND JUMP.—One of the most astonishing feats of this kind ever heard of in the annals of gymnastics, was performed lately at he Innisfeithen Border Games, by Mr. James Denholm. At a running hop, step, and jump, he cleared, upon level ground, not less than forty-five feet nine inches. Fifty years may elapse before such another feat is accomplished. Indeed, we never heard of any thing like it, if we except the matchless leaping feats of Ireland and Professor Wilson, the latter of whom, a good many years ago, performed upon a dead level, fifteen yards and a half at hop, step, and jump. Ireland's exploit did not exceed the Professor's but a few inches; but Ireland was in the constant practice of jumping, and was allowed to be the best leaper that ever was known.—*Glasgow Courier.*

On Monday week, a wager of a very Herculean task, which had been made some time, was decided upon the river Thames, for five hundred sovereigns. John Williams, a waterman, belonging to Waterloo bridge, was backed, for the above sum, to row from that bridge down to Gravesend, up the river to Richmond, and then back to the place of starting, within twelve hours, a distance of ninety-nine miles! Williams, who is about thirty-two years of age and of rather slender make, started exactly as St. Paul's clock struck seven in the morning, the tide having ebbed about two hours and a half, and proceeded down the river with much spirit and speed. The applause he met, no doubt, made him strain every nerve to win against time, which he did, by going through Richmond bridge, and returning to Waterloo bridge about twenty minutes after six o'clock, performing his gallant exploit, and gaining fifty sovereigns for himself, in addition to five hundred for his backers, having about forty minutes to spare.

RUNNING INTO A SACK.—In the month of November, 1811, a wager was run, for ten guineas a side, in White Conduit Fields, between two tradesmen of the names of Williams and Johnson, of the neighborhood of Islington; the one was to run one hundred yards *in a sack* in less time than the other should *go twice the distance* in the common way of running. A vast number of persons assembled to witness the novelty, and a great many bets were depending upon the issue; odds were three to one against Williams in the sack. They started at four o'clock; almost directly the man in the sack fell down, and the other, by some accident tumbled over him; and they both scrambled to get up; the former, though in the sack, being the most active, recovered himself first, and won the wager by about twenty seconds.

SINGULAR ANATOMICAL PHENOMENON.—On Thursday week an inquest was held at Winchester, England, on the body of Benjamin Subbington, aged 28, who died on the previous day in the county hospital. He had been a laborer, and was employed with a chalk cart; and while leading the horse round a corner, the ground being rather wet, his foot slipped and he fell, and the cart, loaded with chalk, passed over his belly. He was immediately conveyed to the hospital, where he died about two in the morning. On examination after death, it was found that a portion of the bowels had been completely divided by the wheel passing over them, whereby the contents had escaped into the general cavity of the abdomen, and such a degree of inflammation was induced as to cause death. Verdict, accidental death. We have learnt from Mr. Mayo, under whose care the unfortunate man was admitted into the hospital, that in the course of the post mortem investigation, a very curious anatomical phenomenon was developed, viz: that there was found a complete transposition of all the viscera of the thorax and abdomen; the heart and left lung were on the right side, the liver, gall bladder, &c. on the left; the œsophagus and great end of the stomach on the right, and its pylorie extremity on the left; the cæcum in the illiac region, and the sigmoid flexure of the colon in the right. A similar transposition also prevailed in the course of the large arteries and veins within these cavities. It does not appear that this peculiarity of conformation had ever been noticed during life; or that it ever interfered with the regular functions of the several viscera, as, excepting having once had the ague, he had always been remarkably healthy. Similar cases of transposition have been recorded by Dr. Baillie, in the Philosophical Transactions.

ROYAL LIFE IN SPAIN.—Shooting and uxoriousness seem to be part and parcel of the hereditary duties and hobbies of the Bourbon kings of Spain. Philip V. transacted much public business while in bed with his Queen. The extreme attention was imitated by his descendants; and Mr. Inglis tells us that Ferdinand is so passionately attached to his young and beautiful wife, that "he spends the greater part of the day in her apartment, and when engaged in council, leaves it half a dozen times in the course of an hour or two to visit her. No court amusements enliven his conjugal felicity: the final pair spend their days together—they rise at six, dine alone at two, and sup and go to bed at nine. The evening is animated by a drive to a Zoological garden, where the animals are taught to make obeisances, and pay the reverence due to the majesty of Spain.—*Edinburgh Review.*

On Friday, Mr. W. Hancock, of Stratford, made the first public experiment with his new steam-carriage. Several scientific gentlemen attended from London, and sixteen of them took their seats in the vehicle. The carriage, guided by Mr. Hancock in front, was put in motion by his turning a lever connected with the steamcock of the boiler, and proceeded through Stratford, up the Hill, to the Green Man, on the Forest, at a steady pace of *eight miles* an hour. He then turned short, and returned to the factory within forty minutes, after running about seven miles in the pleasantest manner, and with a perfect sense of security to every one in the carriage. The experiment was quite successful, and we may henceforward look to the rapid introduction of a safe and greatly improved mode of travelling, leading to a very important revolution in the domestic economy of nations. The carriage has two bodies for sixteen passengers, and two seats for outside ones. This double body occupies a length of ten feet, and the engine-house and apparatus about eight feet in the rear. The quantity of fuel consumed during the trip was about 2½ bushels of coke, the fire being fed behind. The stock of water converted into steam was about three barrels, or 100 gallons. The height of the vehicle is nine feet, and it stands three feet eight inches from the ground.—The boiler is of the description called *tubular*, and in this engine it consists of twelve chambers, each distinct, and formed of the best charcoal iron, so that no explosion is probable, and if any took place, it could only be one of the chambers, and inconsequential. This carriage is built for the Greenwich road, and it will perform that journey in half an hour. The facility of stopping is perfect, and its traverses on a crowded road are effected with a far greater surety than in any carriages drawn even by the best-trained horses. It turns in the shortest compass, and, in fact, possesses all the best qualities of a modern-built carriage. Other carriages, with omnibus bodies, to carry fourteen passengers, are now building, of somewhat lighter construction, which are intended to travel about twelve miles an hour.—As the engine is placed in the rear of the carriage, and the boiler and fire at the extremity, no inconvenience is experienced by the passengers from noise, heat or smoke, and the sensation is precisely that of travelling in any other carriage.—*Times.*

A TOWN TO BE LET.—Liverpool has grown up with a rapidity entirely unexampled in England, or in Europe indeed, and the chief cause of its prosperity has been its being the port where most of the English trade with this country is carried on. But it is sharing now in the general depression of all business in that kingdom, and the house-holding interest especially suffers. It is said in the Liverpool Journal, that in one district alone, namely, the south-eastern environs of the city, there are no fewer than nine hundred houses to be let, whole streets of new erections being in some places entirely untenanted; a proof of how much fewer building has been carried on by the capital of the few, than the means of the many have increased. Of population itself there is no lack, but the unprofitableness of trade, the absorbing powers of taxation, and the low rates of wages in general, prevent many thousands of persons from emerging from crowded lodgings and gloomy cellars, and becoming house-holders.

EDUCATION IN ENGLAND.—The last official reports which have been made to the British Parliament, on the subject of Education, were as long ago as the year 1818.—At that time there were in England 4,191 endowed schools, with a revenue exceeding *three millions* of pounds sterling; 14,281 unendowed schools, and 5,102 Sunday schools. The number of pupils in these schools was 644,282, of whom 322,518 were taught gratuitously, and 321,764 were pay scholars. The latest estimate founded upon answers to circular letters of Mr. now Lord Brougham, in 1829, gives the number of scholars chiefly of the poorest classes, receiving tuition at that time, at about a million and a half. It is further to be noted, that none of the means of education in England are national, or derived in any way from government provision. They are the results of individual enterprise, or have been endowed by private munificence.—Oxford and Cambridge, with their rich incomes and vast property,—the one containing nineteen colleges and five halls, and the other twelve colleges and four halls,—have grown up entirely by the bounty of individuals. The number of students in these universities averages about *three thousand*. It is believed to be a part of the Radical policy to make a general provision for national education, one of the first objects to which a reformed Parliament is to direct its attention after the weightier matters of financial and ecclesiastical retrenchment.

Evening Post.

Saturday, Oct. 6th.

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ELECTION NOMINATIONS.

JACKSON CANDIDATES.

For Governor.—George Wolf.

FIRST CONGRESSIONAL DISTRICT.

For Congress.—Joel B. Sutherland.

SECOND CONGRESSIONAL DISTRICT.

For Congress.—Benjamin W. Richards, Henry Horn.

THIRD CONGRESSIONAL DISTRICT.

For Congress.—Jesse R. Burden.

JACKSON CITY TICKET.

For Assembly.—Captain John Steele, Samuel Davis, Charles H. Kerk, J. A. Phillips, Paul S. Brown, A. E. Dougherty, Thomas S. Smith.

For Select Council.—Thomas M. Pettit, W. J. Duane, Roberts Vaux, Robert Taylor, Isaac Wainwright, for the unexpired time of Charles Johnson, Esq. resigned.

For Common Council.—James Page, John M. Hood, John Patterson, Lewis Ryan, John Moss, Peter Fritz, James Fenton, Joseph Murray, Daniel Oldenburg, John Horn, William E. Lehman, John T. Sullivan, William J. Leiper, Michael Baker, Henry L. Coryell, George Fox, Paul L. Lagueteau, Thomas C. Maberry, George W. Tryon, T. W. L. Freeman.

JACKSON CITY AND COUNTY TICKET.

For Sheriff.—Michael W. Ash, William Ruff.

For Coroner.—John Dubois, Thomas M. Souder.

For County Commissioner.—Major Joseph Carr.

For Auditor.—John J. McCahen.

JACKSON COUNTY TICKET.

For Senate.—Thomas J. Heston.

For Assembly.—Ellsworth Wentz, John Rhoner, jr., Morton M'Michael, Chester Sturdevant, John Buckius, Robert F. Groves, Richard Peltz, Francis J. Harper.

The following gentlemen have also been nominated by persons professing to be exclusive Jackson men, and who deprecate the lukewarmness in the Jackson cause of the regularly nominated Jackson candidates.

FIRST CONGRESSIONAL DISTRICT.

For Congress.—Col. Samuel B. Davis.

THIRD CONGRESSIONAL DISTRICT.

For Congress.—Dr. Mahlon M. Levis.

For Assembly.—Daniel Smith, William Mooney, John Rambo.

DEMOCRATIC ANTI-JACKSON CANDIDATES.

For Governor.—Joseph Ritner.

FIRST CONGRESSIONAL DISTRICT.

For Congress.—James Gowen.

SECOND CONGRESSIONAL DISTRICT.

For Congress.—Horace Binney, James Harper.

THIRD CONGRESSIONAL DISTRICT.

For Congress.—Col. John G. Watmough.

ANTI-JACKSON CITY TICKET.

For Assembly.—Abraham Miller, William T. Smith, Joseph G. Clarkson, William H. Keating, George W. Toland, Benjamin Say, Thomas F. Leaming.

For Select Council.—John Price Wetherill, Manuel Eyre, Joseph R. Ingersoll, Lawrence Lewis, Dennis M'Cready, in place of Charles Johnson, resigned.

For Common Council.—Henry Troth, Robert M'Mullin, Samuel V. Merrick, John J. Berie, Ephraim Haines, John Maitland, Henry Sailor, Samuel P. Wetherill, Joseph R. Chandler, Isaac Elliott, James Gowen, Thomas W. Morris, Dr. R. M. Huston, John Byerly, Joseph Aken, David Lapsley, jr., Joseph B. Smith, Robert Toland, Benjamin H. Yarnall, John Gilder.

ANTI-JACKSON COUNTY TICKET.

For Senate.—Samuel Breck.

For Assembly.—John Thompson, (P.) Benjamin Matthias, John M. Ogden, Lyndford Lardner, John H. Gibbon, James Hanna, John Wister, jr., Joseph Dillin.

CITY & COUNTY ANTI-JACKSON TICKET.

For Sheriff.—Benjamin Duncan.

For County Commissioner.—David Paul.

For Auditor.—Jesse Y. Castor.

For Coroner.—John Dickerson.

The preparatory Ward Elections for Inspectors of the General Election, which took place in this city last week, resulted generally in favor of the Anti-Jackson candidates. In the city proper, which last year gave a Jackson majority of about 1000 votes, the Anti-Jackson men have carried thirteen out of fifteen wards, by an aggregate majority of 1504 votes—making a clear Anti-Jackson gain of about twenty-five hundred. In the seven wards of the Northern Liberties the Anti-Jackson candidates succeeded by an aggregate majority of 363 votes, in Southwark by 232, in Spring Garden by 290, in Roxborough by 90, Kensington by 62, Oxford by 80, Bustleton by 50, Bristol by 33, Byberry by 9. The Jackson ticket succeeded by small majorities in Moyamensing, Penn Township, Blockley, Pennypack, Kensington, and Lower Dublin. The aggregate Anti-Jackson majority in the county is over 850 votes.

A CHANGE IN POLITICS.—The Philadelphia Gazette, a daily afternoon paper, heretofore a warm supporter of General Jackson and the general administration, on Tuesday last hoisted the opposition flag, and now ranks among the supporters of the Anti-Jackson cause. The editor, among other reasons which he assigns for this change, mentions that nearly all his subscribers are opposed to the re-election of Andrew Jackson.

Capt. James Gordon, of the brig Navarre, just arrived from Havanna, brought with him two beautiful Living Swans, male and female, which he has presented to the citizens of Philadelphia, through his honour, B. W. Richards, mayor. The Swans appear to be in excellent health, and have been placed by Mr. Richards at Fair Mount, where they may be seen by our citizens.

Messrs. Carey and Hart have published a small volume containing "Essays on Phrenology." At the present time, when we are looking for a visit from Dr. Spurzheim, it becomes every one who has the least regard for his character, to look to his bumps. The book is written with a warm feeling for the science, and sustains its arguments with facts.

OBITUARY.—The unfortunate Calvin Edson is no longer a living skeleton. Dr. Scudder, of the American Museum, has received information of his death, at his residence in Randolph, Vermont. The mysterious cause of his excessive emaciation has, it is said, been at length solved. The disease of which he died, was Tabes Mesenterica, or Tape Worm. The worm is said to have been twelve or fourteen feet in length. If this be so, the mystery of the enormous appetite of the deceased, is likewise solved.

He should have taken a bottle of Swaim's Vermifuge.

BANK NOTES.—The Western Bank of Philadelphia has gone into operation, and as we see some considerable number of their notes in circulation, we conclude that it is doing and receiving good.

The five dollar note, now before us, is from the establishment of Messrs. Draper, Underwood, Bald and Spencer. The picture in the centre represents in the distance a fine *grazing* farm, a goodly herd of cattle are in front of a tavern; the drover is on horse-back, and is holding some sort of confabulation with the landlord. We suspect he is paying him for a drink of cold water, as there is a nice pump at hand. The vignettes at the sides represent a female, young and beautiful, leaning against a fence, with her apron filled with wheat. We suspect the lady is waiting for somebody. She has more of an English than a German look.

The Manufacturers and Mechanics' Bank of the Northern Liberties has also issued notes. One for five dollars, is now before us, the engraving by Toppan & Co. The centre picture has in the distance a large manufactory. In the front is a beautiful female, the genius of mechanics, we suppose; in her left hand she holds a book, in her right a pair of compasses; on the table upon which she leans is a geometrical balance. This is a beautiful female. The artist has showed his taste in giving her a little over *thirty* years. There is Judgement to be exercised in this matter. On one side of the note is represented a smith heaving on his ponderous sledge, his anvil on the left; and on the other margin is a woollen manufactory, and a man engaged in shearing a merino. The lettering of the notes is answerable to the other engraving.

PORTSMOUTH, (N. H.) September 29.—At a company training in Newington, last Monday, George Spinney, a deaf and dumb man, aged about 42, a son of the late John Spinney, of Eliot, after some of the spectators had improperly and foolishly treated him with strong drink, was by them invited to ascend the belfry and ring the bell, as, the rope being broken, it could not be rung from below. He did so, and descended in safety, but, after the people had dispersed, he again ascended, as is supposed, 30 or 40 feet, and fell to the floor, where he was found the next morning, senseless, but with life remaining. He was removed to a house, and died in the afternoon of Tuesday.

An occurrence, showing as well the power of habit as the sagacity of animals, recently occurred in Pennsylvania. The driver of a Baltimore stage stopped as usual to give his horses water, at Highspire, six miles below Harrisburg, in the evening. Having his lines a knot around the front standard of the carriage, he stopped into the tavern, leaving his horses in the charge of the ostler. A conflict arose, between a dog and a cat near the feet of the horses—they became alarmed, threw the ostler down, and pursued their journey towards Harrisburg. When they arrived at the gate about two miles from the latter place, it was closed, and they made a halt. The keeper went out and opened it as usual, and the stage passed on in the customary way, and it being dark, the gate keeper did not observe that it was without a driver. The horses "pursued the even tenor of their way," and went into Harrisburg at a moderate trot, without the crack of a whip, passed through Second street, turned up Walnut street at right angles—turned again at right angles into an alley—thence into another alley at the corner of the jail yard at right angles, (for the third time) and arrived at the usual place of unhitching in safety! There happened to be no person in the stage, and no person sustained inconvenience from the assumption of self-government, except the driver, who was thus compelled to follow six miles on foot.

A RELIGIOUS IMPOSTER.—The Methodist Church of Georgia have published *William Wilson* as an imposter, travelling as "Brother Wilson," as he is termed, as a Clergyman collecting money for the erection of a Church, and has succeeded in "fleecing the flock" of large sums. Like most of the many imposters of this description, he has married several wives at the different stages of his pretended mission, and with the money swindled from the credulous and charitable, indulged the waste and wicked passions.

He is described as about five feet eleven inches in height, rather dark blue, but not black eyes, and about twenty-six years of age—"plausible," says Mr. Sinclair, "in his appearance and conversation, though of ten guilty in his most wary moments of such imprudence as would lead the judicious and sensible to suspect that he was an imposter."

TANNING.—The Salem (Me.) Gazette mentions that Mr. K. Osborn, of Danvers, has made an improvement in tanning, and discovered a new article for fuel. He has recently put in operat on a Steam Mill for grinding bark, beating hides, and smoothing leather. The only fuel used is spent bark or tan, which has hitherto in two-yards been of no value. The engine, mills, and appurtenances, cost about two thousand dollars, and are equal to a grist mill power. Tan has been long used in families in this vicinity as fuel, but its value has never before been fully tested. Its use at this mill proves a cord of it to be worth as much as a cord of white pine wood—one cord will grind six cords of bark; and that with stoves and grates properly constructed, houses may be warmed and all the cooking in families performed with no other fuel, at a trifling expense.

From the New York Gazette.

SCARCITY OF MONEY.—Why is money scarce?—Why is money scarce? is a question beginning to be asked with feeling emphasis. The answer be it is no scarcer than it has been; it is only changing hands—The merchant, the mechanic, the agriculturalist, and the Manufacturer, are all required to pay off a proportion of their accommodations to the Banks for the purpose of raising eight million of dollars to pay off the United States *three* per cent loan. This at this time of *scarcity* of money, when every class in society is complaining, eight millions is to be *forced out of circulation* by mistaken notions of unsound aristocracy, and forced into the chests of capitalists, who have no use for it. But the strangest of this part of the government policy is yet to be told. This nine eight millions might have been loaned to an individual State or States for internal improvements, on good security at about 5 per cent. per annum, thus producing a saving to the United States of 2 per cent. per annum—this two per cent, applied as a sinking fund for the extinguishing of the principal, would of itself, without taxing the treasury for a dollar, have paid off the entire eight millions in about twenty-five years; and in that case the eight millions would have been retained in the country and in circulation.

The present cry of scarcity, however, is but a prelude of what may be expected if the "veto" of the U. S. Bank should succeed, and the days to that Bank be thereby necessarily called in. The effect on the local Banks would be, that for their own safety, and from necessity, would be required to curtail at least one half of their present circulation; the *effects* of which needs no explanation to reflecting men; suffice it to say, that in regard to money matters, the distress among all classes would be such as our now prosperous country has not experienced since the days of the Revolution.

ANOTHER RIOT.—On Wednesday evening, a number of young men collected outside the Warren Theatre, evidently with intent to create disturbance. No notice, however, was taken of them until the closing of the house for the night, at which time they still assumed about their prowess. Mr. Pelby, the lessee of the Theatre, wishing to induce them to disperse, undertook to remonstrate with them upon the impropriety of such conduct, at the same time urging them to depart; but this, instead of having the desired effect, served only a signal to commence direct hostilities. A general knock-down blow ensued, which resulted to the no small discomfiture of the belligerent party. One of the assailants was secured on the spot, and measures are now in train to ferret out the remainder. George Davis, the vanquished combatant, was ushered into the Police Court, yesterday morning, to answer for his conduct on the occasion, a complaint having been lodged against him by Mr. Pelby. In the conflict, our hero, it seems, sustained a Waterloo defeat, and was placed *hors de combat*, as his visage most strikingly indicated. The Court, in consideration of the liberal punishment he had already received, ordered that he should be required to pay a fine of $3,33 and costs, with a sufficient surety, in the sum of $100 to keep the peace.—*Boston Traveller.*

The trotting match between the celebrated horses, *Cato* and *Dread*, for a purse of $2,000, took place over the Long Island Course, on Monday. "On the signal being given, both horses started off in fine style, Cato taking the lead, closely followed by Dread, which he maintained during the first three miles, but on the fourth, in passing the barn, on the *rising* ground, Cato broke up, when he was passed by Dread, who won the match with ease, coming in on an easy trot. The judges decided in favor of Dread; but we understand there is a charge of improper conduct, the particulars of which it is unnecessary to enter into, as we understand the matter will be fully investigated. Time, 15m. 10s. and course heavy. Cato went the first three miles in less than 9 minutes."

We learn from the Louisiana Advertiser, that the captain and officers of the Mexican schooner of war, Montezuma, nine in number, have been committed to prison, on an alleged charge of piracy, to await a further examination of the captain of the William A. Turner. The remainder of the crew are confined on board the vessel, anchored on the opposite side of the river. The captain of the Montezuma, states that he fell in at sea with the American schooner William A. Turner, from New York—that the meeting was friendly, and that the articles taken from on board were voluntarily given, and not taken by force—fearing that it might be said a piracy had been committed, he obtained a certificate from the Wm. A. Turner, that they were voluntary gifts. He further stated that a man named Fortuna, who had charge of his stores, was his boatswain. Fortuna being sworn, said he was a prisoner, and not boatswain. His evidence was inconsistent, and appeared to convey the idea that they supposed the goods to be contraband, which authorised the seizure.—*N. Y. Adv.*

Messrs. Childs and Inman have just published a beautiful lithographic print of *Miss Kemble*, taken from a portrait of Sir Thomas Lawrence. It does great credit to the lithographic establishment, of which the operations are advancing in excellence, variety and usefulness. The lady is one of the *celebrities* of our day:—she is in our regular theatre, in the drama of mind and poetry, what Malibran is in the Opera. Impatience for her arrival prevails in this city:—genius, beauty and dramatic powers of the highest order, with youth, grace, polish, unblemished reputation, family professional renown—these are strong attractions, indeed; which will be felt in our country wherever she may appear.

We find the following article at the head of the Pittsburgh Advocate of Saturday last:—"The rate of carriage is from this city to Baltimore, in wagons, 87½ cts. to 1 dollar per 100 lbs. From Baltimore to this city $1 75 per 100 lbs. From Philadelphia to this city, in wagons, $2 25 per 100 lbs.: by the canal $1 50 to $1 75 per 100 lbs. The Ohio river is in a good stage for keel boats, and freights for Louisville are readily taken at 62½ cents per 100 lbs. for dry goods, and 3 dollars per ton of 2240 lbs. for iron and nails. To Cincinnati and Maysville, 50 cents per 100 lbs. for dry goods, and 3 dollars per ton of 2240 lbs. for iron and nails. The Ohio, at its lowest stage, is navigated by keel boats from and to Pittsburgh. By them merchandise is forwarded to any point on the river, without delay."

FORGERY.—Last week a young man named John Crommer, who had lately been in the employ of Messrs. M'Intosh & Co., was committed to jail under the following circumstances:—He presented a check on the Montreal Bank for £102, bearing the signature "Peter M'Intosh & Co." and received value for it from Mr. Jackson, the Teller. Mr. J. having some suspicion that it was forgery, and instantly made enquiry, and his suspicion appeared but too well founded. Crommer was seen to enter a shop, and on being spoken to returned the money and accompanied Mr. Jackson to the Bank. He watched for an opportunity and suddenly made his exit. He was found under a bed, brought back to the Bank, and then committed.—*Montreal Herald.*

From the Boston Atlas of Sept. 27.

DISTRESSING ACCIDENT.—A part of the extremity of Long Wharf fell in a few weeks ago, and in order to construct machinery for the use of a diving bell to fish up the stone, Mr. Ammoran Holmes, an ingenious mechanic, was brought on from Philadelphia for the purpose. The arrangements having been completed under his direction yesterday, the bell was lowered into the water, and, after being drawn up, Mr. Holmes remarked that he would go under it to ascertain how much water would be forced into it in its descent. The bell was suspended at the time a little above the surface of the water, so that his feet could be seen as he stood upright within it. At that moment, one of the ropes that suspended the bell broke, carrying Mr. Holmes with it as it sunk. An inclosure had been made around the machinery to protect it from injury, within which there were six or seven persons standing. As the rope broke the upright sparred fell, and one of them striking Mr. James Kirkwood, an elderly man, bouncing him so severely that he died in about half an hour. A young man, named George T. Devereaux, was caught by the leg by one of the ropes, which broke it just above the knee.

The body of Mr. Holmes was found in about three hours. He had been residing in Philadelphia for the last few years. On Tuesday evening some one asked him if he was not fearful his apparatus might give way, to which he replied that he was not, as he thought it would bear a much heavier weight.

Mr. Kirkwood was a soap boiler, and upwards of 60 years of age.

We find in the Pittsburg Mercury, the following well vouched testimony so favor of the Exchange Hotel in that city. It is fitting that our great Western Emporium should have good accommodations for travellers, for in addition to the immense concourse that business directs to and through Pittsburg, it will be found that next summer the current of pleasure travelling will set that way.

"The undersigned having, during the present week, been guests of Mr. M'GUIRE, at the "Exchange Hotel," Pittsburg, take great pleasure in expressing our entire satisfaction with the treatment we have received—and in bearing testimony to the excellence of the house. The order, regularity, cleanliness and style of furniture are worthy of all commendation.—Mr. M'Guire has been at great expense in fitting up the establishment, and is certainly worthy of public patronage. His beds, chamber parlors and other accommodations are of the first order—and his table, perhaps, is unsurpassed. As the house is but lately opened, we deem it an act of justice to give this expression of our opinion in its behalf.

James Todd,	Thomas M'Guffin,
Joseph Williams,	William Baird,
Marsh Hampton,	T. M. T. M'Kennan.
Evand R. Evans,	John S. Brady,
John J. Pearson,	Benj. S. Stewart,
J. W. Banks,	Isaac Leet,

John D. Mahon.

Pittsburg, Sept. 26th, 1832.

From the Boston Transcript.

COURT MARTIAL.—We mentioned in our paper of the 17th ult. that the General Naval Court Martial, which had been convened on board the Columbus, at the Navy Yard, Charlestown had closed its proceedings. They have since been promulgated.

Lieut. James T. Homans, was tried on a charge of un-officer-like and unseamanly *conduct*, under which were two specifications: the first, that, on the 15th of August last, on board the Erie, he made use of improper and threatening language to Purser Henry Etting: and the second, that he did on that day assault, attack, &c. the said Purser Etting, outside and near the Navy Yard, Charlestown.

The charge and specifications against Lieutenant Homans having been proved, he was sentenced to be suspended one year, and the sentence to be read at the Navy Yard, Charlestown, and at all the Naval Stations in the United States.

At the same Court, Purser Etting was also tried on a similar charge, arising out of the above contest with Lieut. Homans, and sentenced to be reprimanded—the reprimand to be read at the Charlestown Naval Station.

The St. Louis Beacon, contains a long and sensible address to the people of Missouri, from General W. F. Ashley, who has been elected to Congress as a friend of the administration. He denounces the doctrines of the Veto message, and says:—"I am clearly of opinion that the General Government, and the trading and working classes of the community, are much more benefitted by the operation of the Bank, than the rich and opulent. The latter are not generally the persons who borrow money from the Bank; but having surplus capital, and not being disposed to attend to business themselves, they invest it in the Bank Stock, to be used by the industrious and enterprising who are able to secure repayment, at a moderate interest. Is it not obvious to every one, that the large amount borrowed from the Bank must tend to keep down the rate of interest among private capitalists? Those who borrow from the Bank, obtain the means of prosecuting their business at a cheaper rate of interest, and are consequently enabled to secure and retain to themselves and their country, greater profits and advantages than they would otherwise be enabled to do. The great object is to give activity to labor, and put money in circulation; when that is done, it matters not by whom, the profits reach all classes of society, high and low, rich and poor. I look upon the Bank as of greatly more consequence to the West and Southwestern States, than to any others. In all of them, capital is the great thing needed to give activity to labor, and enable them to develope their natural resources. We of Missouri, above all, should cherish the Bank, for, above all our country abounds in every variety of mineral wealth, which capital alone can make active; and with a young and enterprising population, in the midst of a fertile, healthy country, need nothing but capital, properly directed, to render us, in a few years, powerful and prosperous."

ASPECT OF EUROPE.—The intelligent Editor of the New York Albion gives this "nutshell view" of the present aspect of Europe:—

That the present aspect of continental politics indicate the approaching dissolution of the peace of the European family cannot be questioned; and if peace be broken on the continent, it seems impossible that England can escape a participation in the discord. The war, we are told, on the authority of Mr. Canning, is to be a war of opinion, and will partake of all its fury and pertinacity. The North of Europe, having recovered from the long and bloody wars with Napoleon, now appears like a giant refreshed, cased in armour, and ready to engage in deadly strife. Prussia is one vast camp, and wears the appearance of actual war—the Russian battalions are replenished, and Austria is ready for the field. In a war of opinion, which means a war of liberal opinions against conservative principles, the interests of these three powers, including Holland, must be identical; while a disposition on the part of England, France, and Belgium will exist, to join their forces on the opposite side. The whole continent, indeed, is a mass of combustibles, and only requires a match to enkindle a general conflagration. The approaching hostilities between Holland and Belgium—for approaching they certainly are—will probably be the signal for the general strife; for if the Dutch overrun Belgium, which, from their superior armies, they probably will, it will be next to impossible to rest

Single Copies of this Paper
May be obtained every Saturday, at the Publication Office, and at the following places:—
D. Redman's, No. 124 South Fifth street.
E. Bassler's, No. 403 South Second street.
G. W. Donohue's, 190 South Second street.
J. G. Auner's, No. 333 Market street.
G. W. Mentz & Co. 71 Race street.
Shadrach Taylor's, 384 North Second street.
Joseph Crowley, 406 Market street.
Franklin Hotel, 293 South Fourth street.
Mrs. Hoare, No. 170 South Second street.

PHILADELPHIA:
Saturday, October 6, 1832.

To Readers and Correspondents.

We will comply with the request of "W. T." after the expiration of his present year's subscription. An alteration in the present plan of forwarding his paper would cause confusion, probably to his disadvantage as well as ours.

Six months since gave notice of our intention to publish a new periodical devoted to Natural History. The encouragement which has been offered to our first announcement is amply sufficient to justify us in commencing the undertaking, but we are compelled to defer it for the present, in consequence of our printing office being too small to allow us to extend our operations, without serious inconvenience to other branches of our business. The design is not abandoned entirely, but will be prosecuted as soon as we can accommodate ourselves with a more commodious building.

Lines on "Miss R. D." will be published.

The articles forwarded by Clarence will meet prompt insertion.

A correspondent in one of the western states is displeased with our support of the United States Bank, of insinuates that reasons therefor may be found in certain communications which he alleges we receive from that institution. Coming from a less respectable source, we should deem the assertion unworthy of notice, but as the individual is entitled to attention, and possessed of no opportunity to ascertain the correctness of the charge, by personal inquiry, we think proper to reply.

Upon the Bank of the United States we have never solicited, neither do we ever expect to receive, the amount of one farthing, more or less, directly or indirectly, as a compensation for services rendered, as a gift, a fee, or a loan. We are, however, decidedly interested in its continuance—and this is one of the reasons why we have, and do advocate its maintenance—in the way which we shall now point out.

Our subscribers are scattered over every section of the union. In all the states there are a number of banks of small capital, issuing an immense amount of notes, which they are frequently unable to redeem. Previous to the institution of the United States Bank, these small banks were much more numerous than they now are; their paper money—*shin plasters*, as they are not unaptly termed—from the denomination of the notes upwards, flooded the United States. We were obliged to receive them at par value, although ten days were frequently elapsed from five to *twenty-five*, and sometimes to *fifty* per cent.—making an annual loss to us of several hundred dollars.

The U. S. Bank was established, and it instantly operated as a check upon the frauds of the petty banks, and almost drove the shin plasters out of the market. It established, in a short time, a wholesome currency, which has found its way into the United States. Now, we receive par for subscriptions in Branch notes, without calculating any loss; and although there are still a number of small banks, the notes of which are below par, yet they form as proportion to what would immediately be circulated in the event of the destruction of the large Bank.

How can an argument in favour of the Bank which we have ventured to offer be controverted. Destroy this valuable institution and bank note manufactories will spring up in every town and village of the country. They will issue hundreds and thousands of notes, which less than a hundred miles off, will not bring one half their reputed value. Manufacturers will purchase them, perhaps by auction, and pay their workmen—poor, hard-working mechanics, who toil to support a wife and a family of children—with rags which they must sell as they best may. This horrible condition of things has been, and if the Bank is destroyed it will be again. No effort of government, or of the people can prevent it.

The pecuniary loss to ourselves, in the event of the dissolution of the Bank will be immense, but to the merchant, the mechanic, and indeed to every man of business, it will scarcely be less. Every member of the community will suffer in a greater or less degree, according to the amount of money, which he is in the habit of receiving. Is it strange then, that with the fact before our eyes, as plain as the light of day, to support the mechanics of the Bank? Can it be expected of us to remain silent when we see efforts making to destroy an institution, which in its destruction will swallow up our business, our credit, our income, our means of maintenance? Would we not, in short, be neglectful of our duty to our fellow citizens and ourselves, were we not to lay these facts before them? Let those who are opposed to the Bank, because it prevents them from speculating on the earnings of the poor, answer!

EXHIBITION OF LAZARUS.—Boudet's historical painting of the Resurrection of Lazarus, which is now being exhibited at the corner of Seventh and Chesnut sts., is a picture eminently worthy the attention of the admirers of the fine arts. The interesting epoch represented, is that mentioned in St. John's gospel, commencing—"And he that was dead came forth bound hand and foot," &c. The several characters in the painting are delineated with much skill and taste. The countenance of the Saviour is in good keeping with the representations which we have of his character—a combination of meekness, humility, benevolence, and sublimity, and the whole expression is appropriate to the interesting scene he is witnessing, and the effect which the miracle has upon the spectators. Lazarus, leaving the embarrass due of death, is represented as just issuing from the cave in which he had been secreted. The Apostle Peter, by his side, is in the act of loosening the folds of the winding sheet from about his body. Mary and Martha, and several others, each expressing a peculiar emotion, supposed to be characteristic, occupy the centre of the picture. In the distance left the heads of four Jewish conspirators are observed, bearing on their countenances a strong expression of envy, perfidy, and barbarity. The back ground presents a correct historical view of the mountainous country which was the scene of this interesting miracle, and between the hills the eye catches a glimpse of Jerusalem and Bethany.

The whole painting is beautifully executed; the figures and filling up are in excellent keeping with the main design, and give evidence of the hand of a master artist. The canvass is ten by fifteen feet in dimension.

The work of Mr. Boudet is the result of close application for years, under circumstances which give to it also a strong claim on the patronage of the public. The picture is a finished production—one which evinces taste, talent, and refined genius; and one, the possession of which, cannot but afford gratification and pleasure, to all admirers of historical paintings.

TO FARMERS.—The publishers of the "Virginia Farmer," with a view to the promotion of the interest of agriculture in Virginia, offer a premium of THIRTY DOLLARS for the best agricultural Essay, to be titled *Agriculture in Virginia*. Writers are to send their communications, on or before the first of January, 1833, to the office of the Virginia Farmer, Danville, Va.

THE GENERAL ELECTION.

On Tuesday next the General Election for state and county officers, takes place throughout the state of Pennsylvania. The contest for the ascendancy will every where be warm and vigorous. The feelings of all parties are aroused and the nearly equal division of politicians in the state, in reference to the Gubernatorial and Presidential questions, renders the final issue somewhat uncertain.

In another column, in accordance with our usual custom, we have given the names of all the candidates nominated in the city and county of Philadelphia. We do this that those citizens, who, like ourselves are but little influenced by *party questions*, may have an opportunity of weighing the merits of the several candidates, and of deciding upon their choice. The candidates for Governor are two—George Wolf, of Northampton county, the present incumbent, and Joseph Ritner, of Washington county—the former is understood to be friendly to Gen. Jackson, the latter decidedly opposed to his re-election. Between these two the independent voter will decide probably according to his predilections for the presidential question, as a reasonable share of merit is attributed by all parties to both candidates.

The candidates for Congress in the city and county, are gentlemen well known, and celebrated as men of talents and distinction, and those uninfluenced by the heating and absorbing question, the Presidency, will be at some loss to decide who to vote for. On the one hand, in the second Congressional district, we have Benjamin W. Richards, our present active and intelligent Mayor, who has qualifications for the office of a high order. He is a man of extensive information, of unimpeachable character, of industrious business habits, and, we believe, of correct political principles. As a citizen and an efficient public officer he is universally respected and esteemed. On the opposing ticket we have Horace Binney, Esq. the prade of our city and the boast of our bar—a man possessing, perhaps, as splendid attainments as any other in the country. Few men have minds more capacious than that of Mr. Binney; few can boast of his practical legal knowledge, of his talents as an orator, his abilities as a statesman, of his industry and research in the mines of erudition. In every thing to which he applies his herculean intellect he excels; in every undertaking he distances all competitors. Either or both of these gentlemen, if elected to Congress, will confer honor on the city.

The several Assembly tickets of the city and county, are generally composed of men of talent and capacity. In their respective districts they are presumed to be well known and respected. Those on the anti-Jackson ticket, it is understood, are favorable to the U. S. Bank, the Supreme Court, the Tariff, and a General System of Education; those on the other ticket, being supported as Jacksonmen, will, of course, feel bound to advocate his views upon these questions.

With one only of the candidates for the office of Sheriff, Benjamin Duncan, are we personally acquainted. Of the gentleman we feel bound to say, that his nomination is hailed with satisfaction be a large number of independent voters of all parties. His liberality to the distressed, his warm-heartedness as a friend, his correct deportment for years, his industry, known capacity and integrity, have secured him the good wishes and support of a circle of acquaintance, of which any man might well feel proud. Mr. Duncan, if elected, will unquestionably make an efficient, humane and faithful public officer.

The privilege of voting is one which should be dear to every American citizen. On this occasion, especially, as important principles are involved in the issue, no man should neglect to attend the polls. Let the unprejudiced citizen vote for the men of his choice, let him think deeply and seriously of the importance of having worthy officers—let him select from all the tickets according to the honest conviction of his judgment—let him choose with reference to talent, integrity or personal friendship—but by all means let him vote. Whatever be the result, he will then have no cause for unquietude or upbraidings.

As the contest in this city will be warm, we recommend to those who dislike mingling in scenes of bustle, confusion and wrangling, to vote early; at all events before dark. This is a matter of great importance. If deferred until late in the day, access to the poll may present difficulties which the weak and orderly may not be willing to encounter.

GIRARD COLLEGE.—The Select and Common Councils of this city met in joint ballot, on Monday, and proceeded to the election of Trustees, Auditors, and a Treasurer, for the Girard College. The following are the names of the gentlemen chosen.

TRUSTEES.

James Page,	Michael Baker,
John M. Hood,	Thomas Dunlap,
Roberts Vaux,	John Moss,
Wm. E. Lehman,	Joseph Worrell,
Joshua Lippincott.	

AUDITORS.

Silas W. Sexton, elected first ballot.
Michael E. Israel, do. 2d do.
John J. McCahen, do. 3d do.

TREASURER.

Bruton Cooper, elected second ballot.

Seven of the nine trustees and one of the auditors elected, are, we believe, members of the Councils.

THE CASKET FOR OCTOBER.

The October number of Atkinson's Casket was issued in the early part of the week. It is ornamented with a steel engraving, of beautiful finish, representing the *Hour of Rest*. The scene portrayed is a child taking leave of its father for the night, he having just returned from his daily toil. Several figures, full and in perspective, are introduced, which give a happy effect to the whole. Another engraving, occupying a full page of the work, gives a view of the buildings, vessels, business operations, &c., to be seen at the foot of Market street, Philadelphia. This picture is the work of Mr. George White, a young artist, of taste and genius.

The original reading articles, which are numerous, are written with taste, and do much credit to their authors. The Cholera, a tale of thrilling interest, by our talented correspondent L. H. M., we have already transferred to the columns of this paper. Several other articles, among which one by Mrs. Dodge, are entitled to equal notice, and will be read with equal interest. Accompanying the second engraving, is a retrospective view of the early settlement of the city, which the antiquarian will peruse with pleasure. The number also includes several biographical notices, as well as reviews of publications, &c.

Several articles have already been handed in as competitors for the premiums offered by the publisher. Such others as design writing for the prizes, will please forward their communications as early as possible.

We refer the sentimental reader, with pleasure, to the two first articles on our first page. The poetry is from the pen of a talented young lady of our city, whose writings invariably breathe the true spirit of a poet. The prose article, from our favorite correspondent L. H. M., gives additional evidence that the writer possesses a strong and vivid imagination, beautiful sentiment, and ability to instruct and interest of a high order. We beg that both correspondents will communicate with us often.

HORSING PARK COURSE.—A trotting match took place at this course on Saturday last, between Cotrell and Pilot, two miles and repeat, for a purse of $200 and forfeits under the saddle. Both horses came up for the first heat, in fine order. At the start Columbus had the lead about two feet, which distance he increased to several lengths at the end of the two mile heat—time, 5 minutes, 24 seconds. Pilot had the start in the second heat, but lost it by breaking, and came in five lengths behind. Time, winning horse, 5 minutes, 30 seconds. Bets three to one on Columbus.

This was the first of four matches which Pilot won a purse of $200 on this course, by beating the horse Blackbird—time, first heat, 5 min. 55 seconds.

THE POST OFFICE.—This department of the general government seems to be in a horrible condition. Every week we receive complaints of delay in receiving our papers. Subscribers get impatient, and attributing their disappointment to our clerks, scold us for neglect. Once for all we request, *every subscriber's paper to be forwarded punctually every week*. The fault is in the post office—in the negligence or design of post-masters, and in the overloading of the mails with political papers and extras. A subscriber in the west, *who has a right to know*, asserts that party papers of a certain sort are regularly received, while the Post, and other literary and miscellaneous papers, are always behind. How is this? Must we be for ever complaining? Has the post office no responsible head to answer for the delinquencies of subordinates?

Since the above was in type, we have received the following letter, which we publish to give our readers a specimen of the grievances under which we labor in regard to this matter.

Extract of a letter to the Editors, dated Tarborville, Upson Co., Ga. Sept. 19, 1832.

"I enclose you two dollars for this year's subscription to the Post, and it is with much regret I inform you that I wish my paper discontinued, on account of the irregularity of its arrival. It is now three weeks since I received a paper. The delay of two weeks is usual, and when it does come it is usually much abused. I do not blame you, sir, but there must be a rascally post-master, between here and Philadelphia, who is determined to have the reading of the Post at my expense; and I am determined that he shall not.

Respectfully yours, &c. ——."

THE COMET.—Some diversity of sentiment prevails in regard to this eccentric stranger. A portion of our citizens contend that he may now be seen in the north-east, just below the Pleiades, nearing the earth with unprecedented despatch; while others assert that the bright luminary visible late in the evening, in that quarter of the heavens, is no other than the sprightly Mars. His face is certainly unusually red and fiery, but he is without a tail, and this with many is a strong argument against the comet. The time for the appearance of the dreaded comet has fully arrived;—who can tell what accident has delayed his appearance?

LIBRARY OF ENTERTAINING KNOWLEDGE.—We have received, during the last week, several numbers, in continuation, of that useful work—*The Library of Entertaining Knowledge*, now being republished in this country by Messrs. Carey and Hart. Of the general merits of this publication, as a valuable auxiliary to the mechanic, and the man in search of practical and useful information, we have before referred in terms sufficiently explicit to show our decided approbation of the design; and in reference to the numbers now before us, it is sufficient to state, that they are full as valuable to those for whom they are designed, as were their predecessors.

Parts I. and II. of volume third, are a dissertation on the *Pursuit of Knowledge under difficulties, illustrated by anecdotes*. They contain portraits of John Hunter, James Ferguson, Captain James Cook, and Benjamin Franklin, and sketches of the life and character of near two hundred distinguished men, in exemplification of the subject. The mass of biographical and historical facts thus presented in a small compass, is invaluable to the student ambitious of a knowledge of the human character, and not less so to him who would profit by the examples held out, and against difficulties climb the pathway of honor and renown.

Parts I. and II. of volume fourth comprise an able, elaborate, and eloquent discourse on *Insect Architecture*, illustrated with engravings. The subject is discussed in a style at once popular and entertaining. The whole insect kingdom, as well as the habits and disposition of those apparently unimportant objects, are presented to the reader in a way calculated to arrest his attention—to direct his mind to a proper and just appreciation of the works of Providence—and to teach him a lesson of wisdom, deducible from plain, self-evident facts, which in its simplicity carries conviction, in its reasonableness direct proof. The work is interspersed with anecdotes of an entertaining character.

KNOWLEDGE FOR THE PEOPLE.—We have also on our table Nos. 11 and 12 of a popular work, which we have before noticed, under the expressive title, *Knowledge for the People, or the plain Way and Because*. No. 11, is occupied with a satisfactory explanation of curious customs, which have and do prevail, more or less among all sects and nations of people. No. 12, is devoted to a review of popular chemistry, in which this science is simplified to the capacity of the most unlearned. Both numbers are highly interesting.

These publications are on sale, at a very low price, at the bookstore of Messrs. Carey & Hart, in this city. They are publications which we would strongly urge the working man, and indeed all in search of knowledge, to purchase. Those whose education has unfortunately been limited, may with a volume of this kind, at their own fireside after the toils of the day, do much towards regaining the time they have lost—and those whom unemployed time hangs heavily upon them, can not dispose of their leisure more satisfactorily and profitably, than by perusing works of this character. The working man should remember, that "knowledge is power," and that in this happy country, where no obstructions are in the way of deserving merit, there is every incentive to a vigorous application to study and research.

THEATRICAL.

CHESNUT STREET THEATRE.—Miss Vincent appeared at this house on Monday evening, in the part of Juliet, and fully sustained the high expectations which had been raised in regard to her performance of this difficult character. Miss V. has all the properties of a good actress, and with a reasonable attention to study, she will rank among the brightest ornaments of our stage. Her person is pleasing; her stage movements are easy, lady-like, and correct; and her voice, pronunciation, and emphasis, distinct and energetic. Mr. Smith as Romeo, has first appearance in that part, we believe, was tolerable.

The Ravel family are still with us, exercising their most extraordinary and wonderful feats. We have before said, that several members of this family are *prodigies*, but the term is inadequate to express what the mind feels after witnessing their performances. They will leave the city shortly, and those who admire feats of agility, and the exhibition of strong muscular powers, should improve the present opportunity to witness what they may not witness again for years.

Mr. Sinclair and Madame Feron appeared on Wednesday, being re-engaged for two nights. The play was Rob Roy, in the course of which the audience were favored with several excellent songs. Both performers took part in the opera of John of Paris, performed last evening.

ARCH STREET THEATRE.—Mr. Hackett closed a successful engagement on Monday evening, by appearing as Solomon Swop, Sylvester Daggerwood, and Nimrod Wildfire. He was loudly called for by the audience, after the entertainments, and took his leave of his patrons in a neat and pertinent address. The receipts of the house on the two last nights of his performance, it is stated, were near 700 dollars each. A flattering evidence of his popularity.

Mrs. Knight, a vocalist in high favor with Philadelphians, commenced an engagement on Tuesday evening, appearing in the play of the Exile, and a new farce called the Four Sisters, which appears to have proved highly successful. The lady in this play sustains, with ability and effect, four characters, and sings several pretty songs. Mr. Forrest took a benefit on Wednesday.

Orrboca, a tragedy by Dr. Bird, author of the Gladiator, will be produced next week. The scenery is splendid, and was prepared by Messrs. Coyle & Co. with great care, and at immense expense. The managers confidently rely upon a Philadelphia public to reward them for their exertions in the cause of American literature.

The Italian opera are about commencing their entertainments at the Richmond Hill theatre, New York.

The private boxes were on Monday disposed of at public auction, and brought the following high prices:

Box A, first tier, valued at		$525	sold for $740
No. 2, next,		475 50	do. 455
No. 2,		472 50	do. 400
No. 3,		682 50	do. 750
No. 14,		682 50	do. 690
No. 11,		377 50	do. 405

The Baltimore Front street theatre re-opened on Monday last, under the management of Mr. Walton. Mr. Cooper and Mrs. M'Clure appeared on the occasion, in Maturin's celebrated tragedy of Bertram, or the Castle of St. Aldobrand. Mr. Isherwood, Mr. Chapman are among the company. Mr. Rice was to make his first appearance last evening as Jim Crow.

COMMUNICATED.

FROM DOCTOR JOSEPH CHIPMAN,

MEMBER OF THE ROYAL COLLEGE OF SURGEONS IN LONDON, &c.

Mr. Wm. Swaim—Sir I send a statement of a case wherein your Panacea was administered with the result as described, which you are at liberty to publish. I saw Mr. M'Pharlane on the 14th inst. and he continues to enjoy good health; it is my firm belief that if he had not taken your Panacea he would ere this have closed his eyes in death.

Yours, &c. JOSEPH CHIPMAN.

Pierce, N. S. July 20, 1832.

JOHN M'PHARLANE, aged 34, a native of Perthshire, Scotland, Sergeant in his Majesty's 15th Foot; shortly after the battle of Waterloo, was attacked with intermittent fever, since which he has enjoyed but very indifferent health. In the year 1820, while in Halifax, N. S. was seized with inflammation of his nose which terminated in suppuration, for which he used sundry applications, suggested by several surgeons, and among them was the black wash, which arrested the progress of the disease for some time. In 1825, the internal surface of the integuments of the cheek on the right side, together with the throat and palate became ulcerated, accompanied with symptomatic fever. He applied to Dr. Bell, of the Mall, who, from his statement, subjected him to a course of mercurials, under which the ulceration cleansed, and remained sound for six months. The disease then broke out in the lower lip—in the integuments covering the left malar bone with the bone itself which exfoliated; also, the integuments of the nose, with its bones intending to the right side. The ossa nasi vomer and septum narium, with the whole of the integuments of the nose were destroyed by ulceration. In 1827, about one third of the upper lip fell off, and exposed the teeth beneath, at which period the inferior palpebra or eye lid of the left eye was likewise totally destroyed, by ulceration. He applied to the late Dr. Johnston, also the late Dr. Finlayson, in Perth, at different periods, under whose treatment he received more or less temporary benefit. Having heard of Swaim's Panacea, he was induced to try it, and was obligingly favored with a bottle from the Rev. Alex. Brackie. At this time he could neither sleep night or day—swallowing difficult, when drink was received into the mouth it was ejected through the nose with a sense of suffocation—speech unintelligible even to those most intimate with him—no appetite whatever—great discharge from his throat, &c. especially in the morning, producing much nausea—the use of a dollar at the angle of the right jaw in a state of phagedenic ulceration—much emaciation—was convinced he could not live three months longer unless some efficacious remedy were administered. Only four doses of the panacea were taken until he perceived an improvement in his taste—discharge less; appetite increasing—sleep much improved after taking the contents of the first bottle—after taking the second bottle his speech was more distinct—appetite good—flesh restoring and acquires new vigor daily. When the third bottle was taken he could swallow with great facility. At the termination of the fourth bottle, the sores were perfectly healed, no discharge; and subsequent to the use of the sixth bottle he considers himself in the enjoyment of good health, which continues good at present, and enables him to perform corporeal labor which he has not done for the previous five years—Says he enjoys better health than he did immediately after the treatment of Dr.'s Bell, Johnston, and Finlayson. Denies positively that he ever was the subject of syphilis—never had either the primary or secondary symptoms of syphilis, which I particularly mentioned. In his present state the whole integuments and bones of the nose are destroyed, and in looking into it the posterior surface of the pharynx is quite visible. Two thirds of the velum pendulum palati are destroyed also. Several cicatrices are visible both in the throat as well as upon the face externally. The left eye, in consequence of its loosing its inferior lid, is inflamed, and the cornea disfigured with nebula. The right eye slightly sympathetically affected. The mouth is somewhat contracted with cicatrization—generally good health.

I possess a justly unfavorable feeling against the use and abuse of quack medicines generally, with very few exceptions, because they are administered to all diseases indiscriminately, and to all stages of the same disease. Incalculable and indescribable mischief has resulted from their application; yet there are exceptions which serve to corroborate the general rule; and I considered Mr. Swaim's panacea one of them—firstly, from the published opinion of some of the best educated and most scientific practitioners of the present day, in its praise; and, secondly, *from the above case* which has come under my observation. I hope to be always open to the convictions of truth, and cannot suppress my opinion and close my eyes to the energetic and benign effect of Mr. Swaim's Panacea, which has proved itself to be a valuable medicine.

I have drawn up Mr. M'Pharlane's case from a personal interview with himself, and he appears to give a candid statement of facts.

I remain, Sir,
Your Obedient Servant,
JOSEPH CHIPMAN.

☞ We send with this paper, to such of our subscribers as were neglected last week, a supplement containing Senator Webster's speech on the Veto Message. We ask for it a careful perusal and an attentive examination of the principles and doctrines it teaches.

Mr. Robert T. Bicknell, the enterprising publisher of the Reporter and Counterfeit Detector, has just issued a very neat pamphlet, containing an accurate list of all the counterfeit and altered Bank notes that have been detected in this country—also a list of all the banking institutions in the United States, with the rates of discount on the notes of each. From the statements we gather, that there are in this country 20 closed banks, 56 broken, 78 uncertain, the notes of which are not taken, and 8 the paper of which has depreciated from twenty-five to seventy-five per cent. Besides these there have been circulated notes on 11 Banks which never existed.

The pamphlet is a valuable book from reference. It is for sale at 129 Chesnut street. See advertisement.

On Saturday, the 22d inst., Moody M. Peabody, an engraver and copper-plate printer, in this city, was arrested by the vigilance and unfeigned exertions of police constable Hall, on a complaint for making and having in his possession counterfeit plates on the Union and Chemung Banks, and taking therefrom impressions to be passed and uttered. The prisoner was brought before John Parsons, Esq., examined and fully committed for trial.—*Utica, N. Y. Observer.*

EPITOME OF THE TIMES.

The 24th of this month will close the third half century since the landing of William Penn. We learn that the Penn Society intend to celebrate the day with due solemnity. Mr. Duponceau will deliver a Discourse on the occasion.

On Sunday afternoon a fire was discovered in the Silver Plate Manufactory of Mr. Ingham, in North Seventh, below Arch street. It is supposed to have originated from cinders having been placed in a box in the cellar. But little damage was done.

ACCIDENT.—One of the hands on board the steamboat Emerald, had his leg taken off by the stern line, as the boat was backing off, at the hour of starting, from Race street wharf, on Thursday. He accidentally stepped into a coil of the line, as it lay upon the deck, with one end fast to the cat-head, and the other to the wharf-post. At this moment the engine was set in motion, and by surging the line taut, suddenly amputated the limb below the knee.

A COARSE FORMS.—The body of Mr. Wm. Robinson, formerly a clerk in the store of Mr. James Patten, Jr. near Race street wharf, who has been missing for some days past, was fished up on Thursday morning about 11 A. M. in the dock near Arch street. A coroner's inquest was called, but we have not heard the report; though it was rumored that the unfortunate man had met with rough usage, and been helped overboard; yet no particular person had been suspected.

Peter Eckert was committed to the jail of Doylestown, on Tuesday morning last, for dangerously wounding Charles Wiesman. The affray occurred at a mowing party in Hilltown, on Monday last, and originated in Eckert's being insulted by some one of the party, and supposing it to be Wiesman, approached him from behind, and struck him with his scythe—the blade of which penetrated about four inches, just below the shoulder blade. On Saturday, Mr. Wiesman was considered better and hopes were entertained of his recovery.

On Tuesday of last week, the annual election for city officers in Albany, took place. The city has heretofore been decidedly Jackson, but on this occasion Anti-Jackson officers were elected in four wards out of five, by large majorities.

THE HARPERS.—These enterprising publishers deserve the highest praise from the public at large. Scarce a day passes but we see the announcement of some new publication from their press. We have now before us the "Lives of the Apostles and early Martyrs"—which is the first volume of the "Boys and Girls Library"—it is got up in a very neat style, and the matter is useful, interesting and instructive; it is a book well calculated to impress upon the minds of the rising generation a knowledge of the history of the Patriarchs of the past. The present volume is by the author of "The Trial of Skill."

On the 7th inst. Peter Stiffler, constable of Greenfield township, in arresting a man named Alexander Hanna, a blacksmith by trade, shot him dead with a pistol. Mr. Stiffler immediately surrendered himself to justice, and has been admitted to bail.

A lad in Gill, (Mass.) named *Cannon*, has made a printing press and types, says the Traveller, and has issued a paper 2½ inches in length, and 2 broad! He has also published a book of 22 pages, called "A Treatise on a Dog," ornamented by a cut carved by himself. He advertises 2 lines for a cent. There is no *other* printing office in the town.

We are happy to learn—says the New York Journal of Commerce—that the three firemen who were so badly injured by the falling of a wall, at the fire in Governeur Lane, are all likely to recover. It was at first supposed in regard to Mr. Rooms, the engineer, that, even if he survived, he would lose both his eyes; but it is now hoped his sight will be preserved.

The Rochester Daily Advertiser of Friday week says, that the Rail Road between the Erie Canal and Genesseee River was opened on the 27th ult. for passengers; the carriages were placed in the tracks and crowded with citizens.

It is stated in the English papers that the private fortune of the bride of King Leopold, independently of her father, is upwards of £30,000 sterling per annum, and that Louis Philippe is expected to give £20,000 per annum more, so that her income will be £50,000 a year.

The Corner Stone of a new Presbyterian Church was laid, with appropriate ceremonies, at Port Carbon, on Saturday, afternoon, the 29th Sept. between the hours of 4 and 6 o'clock.

A part of the Camden and Amboy Rail-road—from Bordentown to Heightstown—is now in successful operation. It is already used in the steamboat and stage line to New York, and considerably facilitates the traveller journeying from one city to the other.

On Friday, 28th ult. a whale of the grampus species, was driven ashore on Fairfield beach, about three miles from Bridgeport, Ct. He was about twenty-four feet long, and thirteen feet in circumference, he lived from 10 o'clock in the morning until 3 in the afternoon, when he expired, after an hour of terrific struggle. Six yoke of oxen were required to draw him a few feet from low water mark, and fifteen men were scarcely able to turn him half way over.

The quantity of gold and silver money circulating in the commercial world is estimated by Mr. M'Culloch at something less than three hundred millions sterling.

Col. R. M. Johnson made a long speech at a recent Jackson meeting in Harrodsburg, Ky. in the course of which he admitted that the affairs of the United States Bank had been well managed, and the Bank was entirely solvent: that the charges of partiality and corruption against it, were unfounded, for he knew of his own knowledge the Bank had acted with equal favour to both parties: that it had been of much benefit to the country, and it would produce *great distress* to wind up its concerns at this time.

The Quarterly Review says, "up to May, 1831, we know of six hundred and fifty-six eruptions of Cholera in Asia and Europe; and in the 14 years in which the Cholera has raged, one-fourth of the inhabitants of India have been carried off by it."

The present King of England completed his sixty-seventh year on the twenty-first of last month. His Queen, Adelaide, completed her fortieth year on the Tuesday preceding.

The electoral vote of South Carolina will, it is understood, be given to Mr. Wirt.

The merchants of Baltimore have issued a notice, proclaiming the general health of their city, and especially its freedom from the Cholera.

A friend has sent to us a radish, raised by Mr. Edward Robbins, jr., near Bordentown, (N. J.) which weighs *five pounds and one ounce*. It is twenty-one inches long, and about twelve inches in circumference. We have hung the mammoth affair up in the counting room of our office for public exhibition for a few days. If radishes are productive of the Cholera, this would "do up" a whole regiment.

The name of Richard M. Johnson has been withdrawn from nomination as a candidate for the Vice Presidency, by the "Working Men's Association" of New York, by whom he was first put in nomination. They are divided as to the choice of a substitute, and probably will not act together as a body at the electoral election.

DROWNED.—We exceedingly regret being obliged to announce that Mr. ISAAC JEFFRIES, pilot of the steamboat Wm. Penn, (and brother to the amiable Captain of that Boat,) accidentally slipped from the gang-plank in attempting to go on board between 10 and 11 o'clock last night, and was drowned.

Mr. J. was highly esteemed by his acquaintances, and is the second pilot the Penn has lost this season. *Mr. Robert Fetters* the former pilot, having perished a few months since in the same way.

The health commissioners of Boston have directed that the several Cholera Hospitals in the city, except the Southern, be closed; and the number of District Inspectors reduced.

Three acres of land on the bank of Presumpscot river, in Westbrook, Me. took a slide into the bed of the river, on the 26th ult., entirely filling the channel.

The Columbia Spy states that the Cholera has made its appearance at Lancaster, Penn. There had been 7 cases and 3 deaths.

At Richmond, the disease continues to spread. During the 24 hours ending on the 28th ult. there were 35 deaths, of which 9 were whites and 26 colored.—At least 30 of these were by cholera, showing in a population of 16,000, a most fearful mortality. The Whig of the 27th states that several valuable citizens had died.

At Cambridge, Md. during the week ending on the 29th, there were 9 cases and 5 deaths—all colored.

In Washington the disease has nearly if not entirely disappeared: and we are also gratified to add that in Georgetown it has greatly abated.

The New York Board of Health will soon grant clean bills of health. About 100 vessels and 500 passengers are waiting for them.

The Cholera is said to rage with great violence at Fredericktown, Md.

Only two deaths by Cholera were reported at Baltimore on Saturday. The Board of Health of that city still earnestly request their fellow-citizens to refrain from the use of fruits and vegetables.

An extract of a letter dated New Orleans, Sept. 14th, states that several cases of Yellow Fever had made their appearance in that city. We should not be surprised if they turned out to be cholera.

Paper Warehouse.

NO. 23 Minor street. S. POTTER is Agent for several of the most noted extensive Paper Manufactories in the United States, and keeps constantly on hand at the lowest mill prices, for cash or approved notes, almost every description of Paper made in this country.

Orders from abroad thankfully received and promptly attended to. march 17—r

Jacob Semcff,

NO. 165 North Second Street, Reed manufacturer, having received letters patent from the United States, for an improvement in making cane reeds or slays, recommend them to the manufacturers and weavers generally, as being decidedly superior to any thing of the kind ever used. They have been tried in some of the largest manufactories in the United States, and approved of by all; he warrants them to be superior both for working free and durability to the reeds or slays made upon the old plan.

Also a general assortment suitable for country work, always on hand.

The above articles will be sold as low as by any other manufacturer in the city. sept 29—ly

Catechism of American Law.

JUST published, the Catechism of American Law—adapted to popular understanding and useful work to all persons in business, or who may have occasion to be acquainted with American Law, written in a pleasing style. For sale by

J. G. Auner, No. 333 Market street.
Hogan & Thompson, No. 135 Market street.
W. H. Morgan, 320 Market street.
Jno. Conrad, No. 7 South Seventh street.
Clark & Raser, Buck street.
Office of Saturday P. Post, 12 Hudson's Alley. sept 29—

For Sale at this Office.

Gazetteer of North America, Journal of Health, 3 volumes, bound. Casket 2 vols. bound. Catechism of American Law. Catechism of Health, Kaleidoscope, Glass Books, Interest Tables, Testaments, &c. &c.

French Millinery.

MRS. B. CHAMBERS, Agent, respectfully informs her customers and the Ladies of Philadelphia, that she will on Wednesday next, the 3d of October, open a splendid assortment of the latest and most approved *Parisian Full Fashions*, at No. 192 Spruce Street, between Fifth and Seventh, next door to the Catholic Holy Trinity Church.

P. S.—Wanted, two good hands, and several apprentices. oct 6—3t*

JOSEPH SWARTZ'S

CARPET MANUFACTORY, No. 309 North Third street, 2d door in the Commissioners' Hall, Philadelphia, where fashionable carpets are woven of different patterns, in the handsomest style. He also keeps on hand ready made carpets which he will sell wholesale and retail, at the most reasonable prices.

Orders thankfully received and punctually attended to.

He also informs the public in general that he has at present an extensive assortment of Domestic Carpeting for sale of superior quality, which he can recommend to all parts of the United States.

Also, several hundred yards very superior Plaid Carpeting.

N. B. The advertiser has received a Silver Medal from the Franklin Institute, for manufacturing carpeting of superior quality. oct 6—3mos

Carpet Manufactory.

GEORGE MILNER No. 42 Race street, between Front and Second streets, respectfully informs his friends and the public, that he has got on hand a quantity of domestic carpeting, of a good quality, which he sells low for cash.

N. B.—All kinds of customers' carpet woven at the shortest notice, at No. 42, Race street. oct 6—

ALMANAC.

1832. OCTOBER.	SUN RISES	SUN SETS	HIGH WATER	MOON'S PHASES.
6 SATURDAY,	6 18	5 42	11 56	
7 SUNDAY,	6 19	5 41	0 31	D. H. M.
8 MONDAY,	6 20	5 40	1 08	
9 TUESDAY,	6 22	5 38	1 51	First 1 2 26
10 WEDNESDAY,	6 23	5 37	2 37	Full 9 2 35
11 THURSDAY,	6 24	5 36	3 36	Last 16 3 29
12 FRIDAY,	6 26	5 34	4 17	New 23 1 47
13 SATURDAY,	6 27	5 33	5 10	First 31 11 5

MARRIAGES.

On Wednesday evening, 26th ult. at Lewis, Del. by the Rev. Mr. Higbee, ROBERT S. CAUFFMAN, of Philadelphia, to SUSAN B. daughter, of Daniel Rodney, Esq.

At the Hermitage, Tennessee, on Monday evening, 17th ult. by the Rev. George Weller, Mr. THOMAS J. BONNELSON, to Miss EMMA YORKE, daughter of the late Dr. George Farquhar, of Philadelphia.

On the 16th ult. by Benj. Hutchinson, Esq. Mr. JAMES MADISON SLATER, of Philadelphia county, to Miss MARTHA WATKIN, of Montgomery county.

On the 23d ult. by the Rev. John Chambers, Mr. AMOS NOE, to Miss SOPHIA TURNER, both of this city.

On the 25th ult. by the Rev. John Chambers, Mr. SAMUEL EWING, to Miss ELIZABETH EWING, both of this city.

On the 27th ult. by the Rev. John Chambers, Mr. SAMUEL R. FAIRCHILD, to Miss SOPHIA STEVENS, both of this city.

On the 27th ult. by the Rev. John Chambers, Mr. HORACE STEPHENS, to Miss SOPHIA RAMSDELL, both of this city.

On the 27th ult. by the Rev. John Chambers, Mr. SAMUEL BANFORD, to Miss HANNAH GRIFFE, both of this city.

On the 25th ult. by the Rev. Dr. Livingston, Mr. DAVID ROBERTS, to Miss ELIZABETH TEANY, all of this city.

On the 25th ult. by the Rev. S. C. Brinckle, W. D. BRINCKLE, M. D., to Miss ELIZABETH BISPHAM, daughter of Benj. Reeves, Esq. all of this city.

On Thursday evening, 27th ult. by Alderman Wm. MILNO

All things abound with jest; nothing that's plain
But may be witty, if thou hast the vein.

(From the Court Magazine and La Belle Assemblée.)

The Younger Brother's Prayer on hearing he was the happy Father of Twins.

Great God! who has bestowed on me
A blessing unforeseen,
Grant that these "Cupid's darts be
But few and far between."
I own it with a blushing face,
And with confusion filled,
That though I love a generous race,
I'd rather beat than build."
Were I a baronet or lord,
I should'nt care two straws—
An eldest son can well afford
To be a "True Great Cause."
But heavens! who knows what score of sons
My scanty board may bless—
I need to dust on little ones,
But God I like them less.
There's Alterly, that wicked spark,
Upon his soul declares,
My house resembles Noah's ark,
Were things come in by pairs.
But at that Pantech's fine-un lunch,
He'd have, when out she flew,
Brought Noah back one olive branch,
Ah! mine has brought me two.
Yet don't suppose, great God, that I
Of Mrs. K. complain;
I only pray, most fervently,
Things may'nt chance so again.

" Who lives to build, not boast, a generous race:
No tenth transmitter of a foolish face."—*Savage.*

MUTTON'S BEAT.—The Boston Commercial Gazette relates a laughable anecdote of Ambulard, the Frenchman in whose house the Duke of Orleans boarded while in Boston. Ambiard was a tailor. Having made a pair of pantaloons for a Mr. Lamb, but forgetting the name of his customer, he went into the market, and taking hold of a leg of mutton, inquired of the butcher, " Vat you call dis?" " That is mutton." " Ha, mutton is it! Well vet do you call de mouton's baby?" The butcher answered, " lamb." " Oui!" exclaimed the Frenchman, " dat is him; Monsieur Lamb is de ver man vat for I make de pantaloon!"

THE GENTLEMAN AND HIS WIFE.—A certain man came to Copley, and had himself, his wife and seven children, all included in a family piece:—"It wants but one thing," said he, 'and that is the portrait of my first wife—for this one is my second." "But," said the artist, 'she is dead, you know, sir; what can I do? she is only to be admitted as an angel.' 'Oh no! not at all,' answered the other, 'she must come in as a woman—no angels for me.' The portrait was added, but some time elapsed before the persons came back, when he returned, he had a stranger lady on his arm. I must have another child introduced, Copley,' he said, 'an accident befell my second wife this holy in my third, and she is come to have her likeness included in the family picture.' The painter complied—the likeness was introduced—and the husband looked with a glance of satisfaction on his three spouses: not so the lady; she remonstrated; never was such a thing heard of—our her predecessors must go. The artist painted them out accordingly, and had to bring an action at law to obtain payment for the portraits he had obliterated.

AN OBLIGING SERVANT.—When Alderman Gill died, his wife ordered the undertaker to inform the Court of Aldermen of the event, which he did by writing as follows—" I am directed to inform the court of Aldermen that Mr. Gill died last night by order of Mrs. Gill."

A bookseller in Paris being lately asked for a copy of the Constitution of 1814, replied—Sir, I keep no *periodicals*.

It is a curious fact, that the bedding and clothes of Lady Blane, who died of cholera at Brandstairs, having been ordered by her husband, Sir Gilbert, to be burnt, her laundress fell a victim to the disorder on the following day; and some of the linen of the deceased Lady B. was found upon her person.

Epigrams from the French.

Friends of the present day are just like melons,
Not one to fifty's good—the rest are *felons*.

All, all is mine, says Gold, for I can buy it—
Not so, says *Steel*, 'tis mine, or we will try it.

Would'st thou be happy?—seek not fame,
Which ne'er could vet vile envy tame.

ALUM.—It has been computed by an eminent druggist that *ten loaves* of Alum, per week, are used by the bakers in London in manufacturing their bread. This quantity is eaten by the population of the metropolis, and each man's share, provided he is a moderate eater, amounts to about a twentieth part of an ounce of alum daily.

FROST OF SEVEN RESPITES.—A man, last winter, or some other time, when the weather was frosty, coming out of a tavern a little "blue," lost his footing, and came down plump on the doorstep. Endeavoring to regain his feet, he said—" We read that the wicked *stand* on slippery places; therefore must be one of the righteous, *for hang me if I can stand.*"

A doctor and a poet quarrelled: an indifferent person was referred to, to settle the matter. The latter made the following reply:—

" You're faulty both,—do penance for your crimes:
Bard, take his physic—doctor, read his rhymes."

TIMELY REPARTEE.—A soldier of Marshal Saxe's army being discovered in a theft, was condemned to be hanged. What he had stolen might be worth 5s. The Marshal meeting him as he was being led to execution, said to him. " What a miserable fool you were to risk your life for 5s." " General," replied the soldier, " I have risked it every day for 5d." This repartee saved his life.

Farmers as well as poets, ought to be classed among the genus irritable, for there is no season so fine, no crop so abundant, but the farmer can find room to grumble. A substantial yeoman of Hampshire was lately congratulated upon the excellence of his late harvest, and the great increase he had had by the season—" Ah," said he, " I pay for know that," said he: " what be we to do for bad hay for our cows?"

ASSURANCE.—Lord Carhampton and Col. Luttrel, father and son, had long been at daggers-drawing, and it is known that the earl had so far forgot himself, in a fit of exasperation, as to send a challenge to his son to fight a duel. " If you can again forget that I am your father," such were the words of this extraordinary message, " I expect you will meet me, &c. &c." The answer of Col. Luttrel was not less extraordinary. " My Lord," he said, " I wish I could at any time forget that you are my father."

SENTIMENTS.—Are proper or improper, as they coss at more or less with the character and circumstances of the person to whom they are attributed, with the rules of the composition in which they are found, or with the settled and unalterable nature of things.

THE FIRST OATH.—" My lads," said a captain, when reading his orders to the crew on the quarter deck, to take the command of a ship. " There is one law I'm determined to make, and I shall insist upon its being kept; indeed it is a favor which I ask of you, and which, as a British officer, I expect will be granted by a crew of British seamen. What say you, my lads, are you willing to grant your new captain one favor?" " Aye, aye," cried all hands, " let's know what it is, sir." " Well, my lads," said the captain, " it is this—that you must allow me to swear the first oath in this ship. No man on board must swear an oath before I do; I am determined to have the privilege of swearing the first on board. What say you, my lads, will you grant me this favor?" The men started, and stood for a moment quite at a loss what to say. "They were taken," says one, " *all-a-back*." " They were brought up," says another, " *all standing*." The captain reiterated, " Now, my fine fellows, what do you say; am I to have the privilege of swearing the first oath on board?" The appeal seemed so reasonable, and the manner of the captain so kind and prepossessing, that a general burst from the ship's company announced, " Aye, aye, sir," with their accustomed three cheers. The effect was good—swearing was wholly abolished in the ship.

A PUGNACIOUS MONKEY, on the BOWERY.—Yesterday evening, as an Italian boy, about 18 years of age, was passing through Coventry street with a huge monkey under his arm, a countryman thought proper to play Jocko a trick, by violently pinching his tail, which the animal promptly resented by turning round and biting the hand of his assailant. The countryman was so exasperated at the unexpected salute that he struck Jocko a smart blow with a stick, which he carried with him; the animal shrieked most piteously, and appeared by his gesticulations and contortions to be eloquently appealing to his master to revenge the injury he had received. The appeal was not in vain; the enraged Italian, with blows redoubled, ran to his back. flew furiously at his assailant, and dealt him several blows. A regular battle followed: the combatants closed, and were struggling for the fall, when Jocko, who was still clinging to his back, fearing his master would get floored, watched his opportunity, dexterously put forth his paw, and seizing the countryman by the nose, drew forth a stream of blood, and at the same time shouts of applause and laughter from the motley group who witnessed this novel combat. This was a *quarter* for the countryman, who was glad to slink away, feeling himself no match for the Italian, when backed by his friend the monkey.

The Rev. Dr. C——, of Massachusetts, once gave a very characteristic rebuke to a certain lady belonging to his flock, who was a little more nice than wise. She was in the habit, as many other nice people are, of complaining whenever any body entered her house, of its being dirty, and not fit to be seen, and all that, when she knew well enough it was in the most perfect order. She might perhaps be fishing for a compliment; but those who angle for perch, sometimes chance to catch a crab.

Hearing some person knock one day, and perceiving by a glance through the window, that it was the Rev. Dr., she cried out, " come in, if you can get in on account of the dirt."

" I'll try and *wade through*," said the parson, as he opened the door, and deliberately walked across the room, lifting his feet very high, like one travelling in mud. The nice lady blushed and fidgeted; but never again hinted a syllable to the Doctor about her house being dirty.

HINDOO COMPLIMENT.—When a Hindoo domestic receives a favor from his master, he has a curious way of expressing his gratitude. Present him with a new turban, or befriend him in distress, and he exclaims with peculiar emphasis, *My Lord, you are my father and mother.*

ORIGINAL ANECDOTES OF DR. RUSH.

Our friend, the Rev. Dr. T. S., has preserved and communicated to us several original anecdotes of the late Dr. Benjamin Rush. As every thing relating to that great man is read with interest, those anecdotes, especially as they have never been published, will be gratifying to our numerous readers. We propose to give one or two of these each week till the whole are published.

MORAL ESCROWS.—The following anecdotes of Dr. Rush I have been urged by several persons to furnish for publication. If you think them worthy of a place in your paper, they are at your disposal.

Dr. Rush was one of the most amiable and accomplished men I ever knew, and what is of still more importance, he was a good man—he feared God, and on all occasions showed the profoundest respect for religion. He was one of that noble band of patriots who signed the declaration of American independence. Thus he occupied a large space in the republic of letters, his numerous and important publications will show, especially those on medical science. He distinguished himself as a lecturer on the theory and practice of medicine in the University of Pennsylvania for nearly thirty years. One of the finest histories of any disease, perhaps, which ever was written, is his history of the yellow fever as it appeared in Philadelphia from 1793 to 1797. Such a work would and ought to immortalize any man. His style in all his works has been greatly admired, particularly for its simplicity and ease.

The doctor was fond of good anecdotes, and abounded in them. Those with which I now furnish you relate to himself and are worthy of preservation.

1. In one of his lectures of a course which I attended in 1801, the doctor agitated the question as to the manner in which the soul becomes connected with the human body, whether it was by an immediate creative act of God, or whether it was by procreation. The day after hearing this lecture, on meeting him, I inquired if he had ever read Mr. Fletcher on that subject. With a manner very solemn he replied, "Yes, sir, I have, and was much pleased with him." He continued: "I have read all Mr. Fletcher's writings, and I thank God that I ever did; for until I read Mr. Fletcher I never could plead the promises of God with confidence; for being educated a Calvinist I did not know that I was included in the covenant." But Mr. Fletcher convinced me that Jesus Christ died for the whole world, and therefore that he died for Dr. Rush. I could then claim the divine promises addressed to me." He added, "And when I go to heaven, I mean immediately to enquire for Mr. Fletcher, and thank him for his writings, and tell him how much good they have done me." It was only a few years after that the doctor died.

2. The two following instances will show his sentiments and feelings on the danger of the use of ardent spirits, and the fatal attacks it is calculated to make on the bodies and minds of men.

The Rev. Mr. W., a missionary from one of the West Indian islands, had come to Philadelphia to place himself under the care of Dr. Rush for an affection of the chest, attended with obstinate hoarseness. For his relief the doctor had put him upon the use of garlic. The Rev. Sir. W. was one day on a visit at my house, and the doctor coming in, asked his patient how he was. He replied that he was much better. "I said he, "doctor, I wish you would permit me to steep the garlic in a little Geneva." "No, sir, said he, "I cannot. No man shall ever look me in the face in the day of judgment, and tell the Almighty that *Dr. Rush made him a drunkard.*"

THE MORAL COURAGE.—The Rev. Mr. Fletcher had a very wild and profligate nephew in the army, a man who had been dismissed from the Sardinian service for very bad conduct. He had engaged in two or three duels, and had upon all occasions shown the greatest intrepidity. One evening, in the presence of many officers, he was insulted by a young man of the name of De Gons, though an old soldier, was more afraid of death than his brother." "Afraid of death!" replied Mr. Fletcher, "do you think that I have been twenty-five years a minister of the Lord of life, to be afraid of death now? No, sir, it is for you to be afraid of death. You are a gamester and a cheat; yet call yourself a gentleman! You are the seducer of female innocence; and still say you are a gentleman! You are a duellist; and for this you style yourself a man of honor! Look there, sir," pointing to the heavens, "and tremble at the thought of appearing there. Tremble in the presence of your Maker, who can in a moment kill your body, and forever punish your soul in hell."

The unhappy young prodigal turned pale, and trembled with fear and rage. He still threatened his uncle with instant death. Fletcher, though thus threatened, gave no alarm, sought for no weapon and attempted not to escape. He calmly conversed with his profligate relation; and at length perceiving him to be affected, addressed him in the kindest language, and left him deeply alarmed and subdued him! He would not return his brother's draft; but engaged to procure for the young man some immediate relief. He then prayed with him; and after fulfilling his promise of assistance, parted with him, with much good advice on one side, and many fair promises on the other.

SUDDEN LEAVES OF WILLIAM TELL.—The following extract respecting the hero of Switzerland is taken from a most valuable and exciting work, the History of Switzerland, that forms the 20th volume of Dr. Lardner's Cabinet Cyclopædia:—

William Tell, who was one of the sworn at Rath and noted for his high and daring spirit, exposed himself to arrest by Gessler's myrmidons, for passing the hat without obeisance. Whispers of conspiracy had already reached the vost, and he expected to extract some further evidence from Tell upon the subject—Offended by the man's obstinate silence, he gave loose to his tyrannical humor, and knowing that Tell was a good archer, commanded him to shoot from a distance at an apple on the head of his child. God, says an old chronicler, was with him: and vost, who had not expected such a specimen of skill and fortune, now cast about for new ways to entrap the object of his malice; and seeing a second arrow in his quiver, asked him what that was for. Tell replied evasively, that such was the usual practice of archers. Not content with this reply, the vost pressed on him further, and assured him of his life whatever the arrow might have been meant for. "Vost," said Tell, "since you have promised my child, the worst will be over there and he assured I should not have missed my mark a second time." Transported with rage, not unmixed with terror, Gessler exclaimed, "Tell! I have promised these life, but thou shalt pass it in a dungeon." Accordingly, he took a boat with his captive, intending to transport him across the lake to Kussnacht in Schwyz in defiance of the common right of the district, which provided that its natives should not be kept in confinement beyond its borders. A sudden storm on the lake overtook the party; and Gessler was compelled to give way to the fears of his fellows, and commit the helm to his hands, as he was known for a skilful steersman. Tell guided the vessel to the foot of the great Axenberg, where a ledge of rocks distinguished to this day as Tell's platform, presented itself as the only landing place for leagues around. Here he seized his cross bow, and escaped by a daring leap leaving the skiff to wrestle among the billows. The vost also escaped the storm, but only to meet a fate more signal from Tell's bow in the narrow pass near Kussnacht. The tidings of his death not only enhanced the courage of the people, but also alarmed the vigilance of their rulers, and greatly increased the dangers of the conspirators, who kept quiet. These occurrences marked the close of 1307.

HEROIC CONDUCT OF A LADY.—During the late Peninsular war, when Captain De Daubrown was employed on observation of the enemy's movements, he was frequently accompanied by his wife (a lovely and interesting woman.) On one occasion he was riding a little in advance, and came suddenly upon a French picquet; the officer gave the word of command, the firelocks were raised, when his wife rushed forward between her husband and the enemy. The French officer, with the gallantry of a brave man, countermanded the order, raised his hat to the lady most courteously, who galloped off, returning his salute by waving her hand, while covering her husband's retreat.—*From the Journal of an Officer deceased.*

FUNERALS AT PARIS.—A great many take places at night, and are lighted by torches to the place of rest. All the cemeteries are without the barriers, so that there is generally a long space of ground to traverse. The biers move in a line of from seven to ten, each containing five to eight coffins, as may happen: on their arrival at the burying ground, the bodies are packed into a wide and deep fosse, which has been made of great length, and will be able to receive an immense number of bodies. A quantity of chicken lime is then thrown in, to fill up the interstices between the coffins, and the processions return to fetch a fresh supply. The cemetery of Montmartre, to which these remarks principally allude, is situated very high and at the upper part of it a man is stationed to watch the approach of the hiers: as soon as he perceives them ascending the hill, he gives a shrill and piercing whistle through his fingers, to apprize the sexton of his approaching labors. The whistle heard in the stillness of the night, and accompanied by the sight of a man on one hand, and the gloomy light of the torches on the other, has a singular but highly romantic effect.

(From Bell's Life in London.)

THE FELON'S MEDITATION.

" It was not too much to believe that there were many whom the apprehension of dissection after death would prevent from the commission of a felony."—*Lord Wynford's Speech on the Anatomy Bill.*

Before I break into old Stubbs' shop
And carry off what'er I lay my fist on,
Will't not be prudent in my course to stop,
And all objections to the plan insist on?

What if I'm taken?—there's an ugly job;
I shall be hang'd that's clear—an awkward thing;
But if 'tis natural in man to rob,
'Tis natural enough that he should swing.

'Tis pleasant round the neck the knot to tie,
'Tis pleasant sure so dangle in the air;
But oh! if when I've breath'd my latest sigh,
My lifeless limbs to Surgeon Hall repair!

Tremendous thought! more hanging is a joke,
A hempen neckcloth to a willing throttle;
But in those bowels a rude knife to poke,
Or these intestines thrust into a bottle!

Oh! 'tis too much to bear—I can't endure it,
The dreadful fancy has o'ercome me quite!—
My lingering folly I must try to cure it,
And fix this once be honest—Stubbs, good night.

Why is Metamora like an Oak Tree? Because he is seen to the best advantage in a *Forrest.*

THE VENTRILOQUIST.

Mons. Rossignolle was the most wonderful of all the species which, in my experience, have fretted the stage. His ability was not in simply imitating the human voice, (the common province of human ventriloquists, and the most attainable,) but those of all birds and beasts, and all sounds, whether natural or mechanical. It was difficult to say which was the most admired in his organ—its astounding power, or its minute liquidity: for he could give you as correct an idea of the sawing of a large piece of timber, as of the song of a linnet. His entertainment was divided into three parts, with two appropriate scenes, which he furnished with him; the first represented an aviary and menagerie, in which he personated the keeper, and as he approached, every animal or bird gave its distinct growl or whistle: the next was the interior of a work-shop, in which he pretended to be making boxes, and imitated the sounds of all the various implements employed. These were rendered characteristic by his dress, and somewhat humorous, by his broken English exclamations. But the third and perhaps most ordinary scene, was his performance on a violin without strings, of a variety of difficult music. Here the illusion exceeds conjecture; and what, too, was the most delightful, all Plymouth came to partake in it.

Rossignolle was a fellow of very humorous ideas; he lost not with adventures in all quarters of Europe, which it was his sole amusement to recount. Among the number, one that occurred to him on the road from Exeter to Plymouth was not the least whimsical.

He had taken his place in the night coach, but by a mistake or connivance was expelled to the outside. The night was very dark, and soon after the coach set off, it began to rain, which, in regard to Devonshire, is to say, the rain came down in bucketfuls. Being neither provided with a great coat nor umbrella, he naturally envied the situation of those who sat under him. To ensure their comfort, was but another theft with him to endeavour to obtain it; to the depth of his roguery, therefore, as well as distress, he resolved upon the following expedient. He was the only passenger outside, and his location being the dicky, the coachman at the other extremity of the vehicle was incapable of peeping through the blanket of the dark upon his doings.

He proceeded to hug and hush a child in his arms, whose fretful whine he counterfeited, and incessant till it cut the drums of the other passengers' ears like a razor. Two of these passengers happened to be females, one of whom was a mother, and the other expected to be. They instantly exclaimed, "Dear me! there is a poor child on the roof in the rain; let us take it in." The males, as gentlemen and christians, were compelled to acquiesce; so down went the sash, and out went a lady's head and shoulders, to address Rossignolle. "Here, my good woman, give me the child in here." "No, no," said the latter, mimicking the voice of a female, "mine dear little Adolphus shall not go from her mamma;" and then he commenced another series of woman notes, (interspersed with an abundance of hased hush-a-byes,) more intolerable than the former. "Good heavens!" said the humane female, to her companion, "its a barbarous French woman! She'll kill the poor little thing."

Then leaning out of the window again, "Give me the child, good woman, will you? it will catch its death! Here, let me have it." "No, no," replied the latter, "mine dear child!" "Mercy upon us!" said the female, "do you hear the child! did you ever hear of such a thing, in such a rain as this? And if I did stop, the young'un on the dickey would frighten the cattle."

Rossignolle now pretended to get mad with the child, and scold it; at which the women opened upon him: the gentlemen swore; and between the squalling, growling, screaming, and threatening, a delightful tumult ensued. The dialogue, as he described it, was run in the following manner:

Child squalling.—Ya, ya, ya!
Rossignolle.—Hush, hush, child!
Women within.—Don't use it on good woman.
Child.—Ya, ya, ya, ya! (a crescendo.)
Rossignolle.—You von little devel; you cry so much; vat you want?
Woman.—There's a brute, Mr. Wiggins!
Gentleman.—All owing to the French revolution.
Child.—Ya, ya, ya!
Coachman.—Steady, steady!
Rossignolle.—You are one little dam child!
Woman.—Only hear the French monster!
Rossignolle.—I will throw you into the mud!
Women.—What does she say? hark!
Child.—Ya, ya, ya!
Rossignolle.—Wont you be hush, you little rascal? I trow you away.
Woman.—Oh you wicked wretch!
Child.—Ya, ya, y——!
Rossignolle.—Dere, den, cot dam! he is in de poddle!

Here, then, suiting the action to the word, he made a noise as if he had actually deposited the infant in the ditch, the cries of which grew fainter and fainter as the coach passed on. The ventriloquist could have done credit to a St. Giles' watch-house, on St. Patrick's day. The women yelled, and the men thumped the roof with their sticks, and swore out of the windows. "Stop, coachman, stop! murder! murder! murderation! she's killed the child! she's thrown it into the ditch! will you stop, coachman?" "In three minutes, marm," he replied, "to change horses." "But there's a child lying on the road!" "I'll send some one from the inn, to pick it up, marm; it mustn't lose time between the stages."

The torrent of abuse was now poured on the coachman; and one of the passengers, who was a lawyer, swore that if the child died, he would prosecute the former for manslaughter, and the mother for murder.

On arriving at the inn, Rossignolle jumped down and ran into the kitchen to dry himself. The house was thrown instantly into confusion. The French woman was ordered to be seized: lanterns lighted, and a party set off to retrace the road, headed by the humane lawyer. No infant, however, was to be found. The search proved fruitless; and all the party were all thoroughly drenched, they returned to the inn. The lawyer was then told the French woman had made her escape, and that another gentleman had taken her place in the coach, which was now out of sight.

DISCOVERING SCENE IN GREENLAND.—"The echo is so very strong among the icebergs, that any sound beneath is instantly carried to the top. When the latter has become rotten or infirm, it is soon shaken, even by a word spoken, that it falls. A boat in such case, passing through a cavern or vault in the icy mountain, with seven of the natives, when a boy wantonly struck with a piece of wood on the skin stretched over the boat—The sound was carried in a few minutes to the top of the iceberg; a crash like thunder was heard, the cavern suddenly darkened and closed on the unhappy crew, for the summit had fallen, and crushed them beneath the waves. The bay of Disco being a celebrated fishing place, at certain seasons of the year, a great many boats assemble there, which, at a distance appear in a harbour, and on a nearer approach, to address Rossignolle. "Here, my good woman, give me the child here." "No, no," said the latter, mimicking the voice of a female, "mine dear little Adolphus shall not go from her mamma;" and then he commenced another series of woman notes, (interspersed with an abundance of hased hush-a-byes,) more intolerable than the former. "Good heavens!" said the humane female, to her companion, "its a barbarous French woman! She'll kill the poor little thing."

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